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CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
The Widow's Song..... 17	Onon.Teachers' Institute 25
The President Stories... 17	Gleanings..... 25
Genius of Robert Burns. 20	Literary Notices..... 26
Excision of Wyoming... 21	The Concerts..... 26
Conversational Powers.. 22	The Maiden's Choice.... 26
Christianity..... 22	Quadruple Fun..... 26
The Future..... 23	Physical Education.... 27
Song of Toil..... 23	Edward Everett on Pub- Female Education..... 23
Yellow Covered Litera- ture..... 24	lic Schools..... 27
Population of the U. S. 24	Transplanting Trees.... 28
An Apt Quotation..... 24	Work for April..... 28
Historical Details..... 24	Hints for Spring..... 28
A Calculator..... 24	Cochineal..... 29
Let Children Sing..... 24	Advantage of Method.. 29
A Noble Reply..... 24	Classical Rebuke..... 29
Flowers..... 24	The Foot of the Celt... 29
Invention of Watches... 24	Postal Reform No. 2.... 30
Our Prospects..... 25	Parallel of the Sexes... 30
State Normal School... 25	News..... 31
Copyright..... 25	William Pitt..... 31
	An Eloquent Figure 31

I have promised to wait,—I have promised to say
What grief was his father's at going away.
Will he come—will he come?—oh! my heart is grown
old,
And the blood in my veins it runs languid and cold,
And my spirit is faint,—and my vision is dim,
But there's that in mine eye will be light, yet, for him!
They tell me of countries, beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others, that look not on me!
Where the flowers are more sweet and the waters more
bright,—
And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light,—
That he rests in some home with a far-foreign bride,—
Oh, this world is a wide one!—why is it so wide?
But they, surely, forget—which my sailor does not—
That I'm sitting, whole years, in my lone little cot;
He knows—oh! he knows, if I may, I shall wait,
Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden-gate;
He is sure his sad mother will strive not to die,
Till the latch has been raised by her lost sailor-boy.

I believe that he lives!—were he laid in the mold,
There's a pulse in my heart would be silent and cold,
That awoke at his birth—and, through good and through
ill,
Has played in its depths,—and is playing, there, still;
When its star shall have set, then that tide shall be
dry,
And the widow be sure where to look for her boy!
Oh! will he come never?—Lost son of the sea!
I hear a low voice that is calling for me:
It comes from that spot, the dark yew-trees among,
Where the grave of thy sire has been lonely too long;
A voice of low chiding!—I come—oh, I come!
Hath he met my lost boy, in the land of the tomb?
I shall know!—But, if not,—if he comes to the door,
When the voice of his mother can bless him no more,
Some finger shall point to the pathway of tombs,
Where my boy may come up to our mansion of glooms:
And I think I shall hear his light tread o'er the stones,
As the trump shall be heard, in the valley of bones!

Musical Plagiarism—True.

Park Benjamin, at a recent lecture at Newark, N. J., expressed a hope that, by cultivating the science of music with thoroughness, Americans may have a native talent produced which is now lost in imitation. Much of our popular music is mere patch-work, just as if in poetry a line should be taken from one author and another from another, preserving the meter and the rhyme as in the following illustration:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
Shoot folly as it flies!
O! more than tears that blood can tell
Are in that word, Farewell, Farewell,
'Tis folly to be wise!
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
'Mid cloudless climes and starry skies,
My native land, good night!
Tis Greece, but living Greece no more,
Adieu, adieu, my native shore,
Whatever is, is right!

The last words ever written by John Q. Adams to his son were, "A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!"

Tales.

Original.

THE PRESIDENT STORIES;

OR

SEVEN NIGHTS AT WELCH'S.

BY CHARLES ACTON.

OURS is a drama of Seven Acts;—each independent of, yet dependent upon, the others. Whether we rehearse to you all, or only one, is yet a problem. They may exhibit too much of fact for the petted Public, who like their intellectual dinner seasoned with fiction, and dressed by the hand of a French novelist; it is with *truth* that we have to do.

The drop curtain reveals a city, girdled, on nearly all sides, by hills; hills, not green and pleasant, as in Summer, but wholly mantled with snow. No feudal walls rise between its inmates and the inhabitants of the surrounding country; for it is a city of that Western world where freemen guard their own rights, and, instead of demanding the stranger's passport, at the dagger's point, welcome him with fraternal kindness to their hearths.

Though dead of Winter, you can hear, (for our painting speaks to ear as well as eye,) the unmistakable hum of business. Here is a locomotive, chafing beneath the engineer's restraining hand; yonder, a steam-mill, rivaling the hard snorting of the iron horse. Sleighs glide rapidly through the streets, their jingling bells chiming merrily with the ringing laugh of the belles within. Pedestrians, of all conditions, from the rich man, swathed in furs, to the shivering beggar, wend cautiously along the sidewalks; an occasional one, less adroit than the others, convulsing them with laughter by a somewhat abrupt embrace of the pavement.

Comparatively few of these, however, are positively squalid and ill-clad; for yonder rises a spacious asylum for orphans, and yonder,—a jail!

This is the modern Syracuse;—the central city of the Empire State.

Look again; and just by that panting steam-car, which even now starts away with its train, you will see an unpretending wooden building, over whose door stands a picture that at once indicates the character of the house. It represents an epicure of the first class, in the fruition of a glorious dinner.—Love of good living gleams out from every rosy feature, and each wrinkle of uncontrollable mirth, smiles a compliment to the viands before him. In truth, that picture, in a community of eating men, could not fail to make the fortune of the landlord. Were you within, you might see the artist himself;—for he is an artist, no less in gastronomy than in painting;—or, if not him, you would, at least, get a

Poetry.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

OH! this world is a wide one—for sorrow or joy,—
And where in this world is my own sailor-boy?
With his loud ringing laugh, and his long sunny hair,—
Do they swell on the breeze, yet, and float through the
air?

Is there any bright land, 'mid the lands of the earth,
That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth?

I have sat by the fire when the old men have said
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead!
Oh! tell me ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do you find my fair son in its valleys of gloom?
Is there any pale boy, with a look of the sea,
Mid that people of shades, who is watching for me?

Oh, that morn when he left us!—mine eyes are grown
dim,

And see little that's bright, since they looked upon him,
And my heart, in its dulness, hath learnt to forget,—
But the light of that morning shines clear to it, yet;
No record is lost of the far sunny day
When passed my fair boy, like a spirit, away.

We waited—how long!—but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land, and we looked over main;
And ships—oh, how many!—came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me;
In all those gay ships, oh! there answer was none
To the mother who asks if she, yet, have a son.

And we fed upon hope—until hope was denied,—
Till our health of the spirit, it sickened and died;
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his hair,—
And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,—
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child!

And the angel of grief that o'ershadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead, in letters of pain;
And I read the hand-writing,—and knew that the breast
Of the weary with waiting was going to rest;—
So, he left a fond word for the lost one,—and I,
I linger behind him, to tell it my boy.

Shall he come to his home—perhaps sickly and poor,
And meet with no smile at his own cottage-door?
Shall he seek his far land from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched on his once-happy hearth,—
None to love him in sorrow, who loved him in joy?
Oh, I cannot depart till I speak with my boy!

glimpse of his portrait, where he is seen touching, for the last time, a family picture, the originals of which are looking on with imitable complacency. If you choose to step into the parlor, you may look at one of his more serious efforts; a work which must some day place his name high in the annals of Art. In that scene, you may lose all consciousness of time, and place, and identity, and only know yourself as a companion of prince Hal and his world-famous *coterie*.

While looking at the house, the dusky shadows without, and the brightening lights within, tell of another day numbered with the Past; and even as you gaze, the walls disappear, and—such is the magical art of our limning—you seem immediately to be inside.

Here, too, every thing is plain, but scrupulously neat. If you are a stranger in the "City of the Plain," you may start if I tell you that this is the best *restaurant* in the world. Nonsense, say you; I have been in Paris and London; to say nothing of dozens of other cities, compared with which yours is but a small hamlet. Very well; and so have I. You may find houses in any of these, magnificent, even to royalty; they may boast the excess of refined cookery, which is another name for the excess of folly; but in none of them, will you meet with the genuine and appreciable advantages of this. Here, the neatness will put your gilded show-cases to the blush; while the choicest of fare, served up in a style quite imitable, will be placed before you in a little room which you are positive must be your own home, so cozy, and comfortable is every thing about you. And then, your bill—and, if you are a literary man, your last scruple will vanish, now,—seems so utterly insignificant, compared with the entertainment you have had, that you will feel very like sneaking away from the house, convinced, in spite of your host's reiteration, that you are cheating him, *per force*, out of four-fifths of his due.

—But we are in the house. Walls and partitions have all faded away, save those of one small room, where stands a marble table surrounded by seven men. Hats and overcoats, distributed about the apartment, add, if possible, to its air of comfort; the very pictures on the wall, seem radiant with benevolence and humor.

These seven men are all young. Some have seen scarcely more than twenty years; none have known thirty. Yet, you cannot convince yourself that they are boys, either in strength or purpose; their countenances are stamped with lines of experience and determination. Still is there no shadow of gloom on their features; on the contrary, their faces are flushed with pleasure. Eye meets eye with confidence; and, but for the striking physical dissimilarity between each, you might suppose them a band of brothers, met, after long absence, to celebrate their reunion.

But not any one possesses any part of the organization of any other. No; from North and South, East and West, have they come, to make this their abiding place. Here, have they chosen their home; here, have they found in each other kindred spirits, which soften the pains of absence from the homes of their childhood.

But who are they? with countenances so

full of thought, yet free from care; and why are they here? If in the old world, we might suspect them of being insurrectionists, met to conspire against the domination of a tyrannical government. But here is no field for insurrection; for he who conspires, must conspire against a whole people. For an instant, indeed, we might suppose them idle men, met to kill the time wasted on their existence; but a second glance at their faces, full of meaning, other than that inspired by the wit flowing round, assures us that it is no idle men, convened for a useless purpose, with whom we have to deal.

These men, in short, are philanthropists; enlightened, unselfish, benevolent; full of the fire of youth, tempered by the wisdom which a knowledge of the world conveys; thoroughly progressive in spirit, and resolved to make themselves and the world better, cost what seeming sacrifice it may. They are students of various branches of universal science, and stand mostly at the head of their respective professions; capable, evidently, of attaining the highest worldly honors, do they choose to mingle in the wild chase.

They have combined to do good. They have formed a league, without oaths or ceremonies, but relying on the virtue of their cause. They war with ignorance and vice, wherever found; they sustain religion and right, against all odds. They have formed and executed plans; often, already, has some giant vice, or venerable superstition, fallen beneath a blow whose source was mystery.—The grave is not more secret than their resolves; the lightning not more prompt than their execution. They would be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." And this is one of their meetings, to strengthen the bonds of good fellowship, and counsel action.

It is, indeed, a glorious privilege to look upon a scene like this. It reassures one's fainting hopes of human virtue. It is a negative and practical commentary on the pernicious belief that all men are hypocrites. And will these, too, become hardened and heartless, as they realize more the true character of the world, and are subjected to its influence? Verily, no. These men are no strangers to sin and error. They have tested the strength of human powers; they have sounded the depths of human passion. They come not, as pure beings, ignorant alike of the wrong they would redress, and the means for doing it; ready to fall a prey to the first temptation. But they come as those who have tasted the bitterness of sin, and cast away its loathsome bondage; who view its blandishments with disgust, and turn, with a calm joy, to purer pleasures.

Their philosophy would seem far from a cheerless one; for mark the sallies of wit that follow each other without pause. Mirth seasons every viand; flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, tell of spirits buoyant with gladness. Yet there is no gleam of sensuality in all this: another glance at their features will show you that, in no one instance, has the animal prominence above the spiritual.

With their plans, at present, we have nothing to do; in fact, business would seem to have been dispatched; the present hour is devoted to relaxation.

Now, one speaks. "Gentlemen," he says,

"we have all passed through scenes of strong interest. Though young in years, we are old in worldly experience. I propose that each President, for the next seven nights of our meeting, relate some portion of his own history, for the information and benefit of the rest."

The proposition is greeted with shouts of applause. A tale is called for, immediately, from the President of the evening.

Watch him. His dark, searching eyes have changed their expression of wild mirth for one of unutterable sadness. His cheek grows suddenly pale; his fine features seem, for the moment, almost rigid. But no light thing can long disturb his self-command; he recovers his composure, and consents to the request. A few minutes pass in breathless silence; he, with his face bowed between his hands; they, respectful of his emotions. But now the head is raised; the eyes beam with a steadier light.—

—Thus rises the drop-curtain, and discloses the scenery of the first act.

THE WEIRD OF PASSION.

GENTLEMEN, said the President, your request has stirred memories that cannot rest in their graves. Perhaps communion with them may soothe their disquiet.

I was born, as you may know, to wealth and worldly station. Every luxury that a pampered appetite could crave—every caprice of a spoiled child—was fully indulged.—Fawning parasites and hired menials, ministered to my every wish. Early deprived of both parents, I had little guidance, save that of an undisciplined judgment.

But, amidst all which men most covet, I was unhappy. The gayest of the gay at rout or revel, reflection brought agonies I cannot describe. A strange light seemed glancing in fitful flashes across my soul; a restless yearning for something *beyond*, agitated my whole being. I need not pursue this description, for I see, in the sympathy of your countenances, a revelation of the same experience; I feel an indefinable thrill in your breasts that tells your knowledge of the tormenting fiend—*AIMLESS AMBITION*.

This could not always last; and caprice effected what judgment failed to. I broke loose from the thrall of fashionable life; cast aside the fascinations of the wine-cup, and its gay devotees; tore myself from the presence of bright ladies, where the rich and reckless boy had been always welcomed with unfailing smiles; and betook myself, with the most determined industry, to the task of learning a trade.

My acquaintances were aghast—my friends horrified. I was suspected of insanity, and with some trouble avoided a straight jacket. The truth was, I had caught a glimpse of the universal law, that the destiny of man, is *Labor*; and, bowing to the glorious truth, in very humility of heart, allowed my impulses, seldom controlled, to hurry me to the farthest possible distance from my former habits.

A natural taste for the craft I had selected, aided my efforts. I toiled with unremitting zeal, and lived with the utmost plainness.—At last, I thought my object attained. I had excelled all my fellows in skill and rapidity of execution. I stood where I had so desired to stand—and my heart sunk within me.

There was no longer an object to toil.—Why should I prosecute the laborious calling I had chosen? With wealth that placed me far above the physical wants of life, I could not conceive the great incentive which impels men to toil for daily bread. I had read but one principle of the great lesson of life; beyond, all was vague and dreamy. The form that I had so closely pursued, was within my reach,—and my fingers closed upon empty air.

Again I was idle. Gradually, my old companions won me back to former habits. Another round of dissipation succeeded, from which I seemed to awake, as from a slumber, rife with mocking dreams. But this time, no useful aim presented itself to my mind; and I formed a design as fantastic as it was vain, for varying the wearisome tenor of my life.

I resolved to seek some retired village, where no familiar object should recall the Past, and there abide, a misanthrope. Without money or friends, or even a name, I would prosecute my trade, for awhile, speculating upon my race, and amusing myself with their idle curiosity.

Two days sufficed for my arrangements, and the evening of the third, found me in a sweet village, on the margin of one of those

— “Seven fair lakes, that lie,

Like mirrors, ‘neath the Western sky,”

prepared to execute the scheme I had formed.

All happened as I wished. I obtained a room at the hotel, which secured what all do not get—privacy and a prospect; and procured work of a mechanic near by. In doing this, I employed not one superfluous word. My communications were short, verging on rudeness; and ere I had been twenty-four hours a resident, the whole village had caught the strange tale of their taciturn guest. My habits were all in keeping. I commenced and closed my day’s labor at a precise moment, nor would any exigency vary the practice.—The landlady knew the exact instant when I should seat myself at table, whether the meal were prepared or not. Each evening, as the clock struck six, I issued from my room, and commenced, on the verandah, a promenade, which occupied just an hour. And here was my chief satisfaction; for it was balm to my festering heart to see the dumb crowd gape and stare as I continued my unceasing movements, as though I had been some being of another sphere, instead of a poor fellow man, a little worse than themselves. O! how soothing was this vain and involuntary homage! and the consciousness that, without any effort save that of a mechanical self-control, I had stricken with an indefinite and unaccountable awe, the mass who nightly assembled to witness my silent promenade.

This lasted for many weeks. Curiosity, instead of being weakened by time, appeared rather to increase in strength. All seemed to feel that this must have an end; and that the end would be even more wonderful than the beginning. I verily believe that many expected to see me snatched away by invisible hands, with the old accompaniment of thunder and lightning, and brimstone fumes, like the incarnate elf in the ancient rime. Certain I am that there were those who lived in daily expectation of my seizure by agents of a less spiritual, but to the guilty, scarcely less terrible character,—viz: those of the civil law.

The end, indeed, came, but not as they had anticipated. Its interest was enhanced by neither storm nor sheriff. The direct cause was an invitation from the “great family” of the village to a select party; executed in the most delicate and spiritual hand writing, to “The Weird Stranger.”

The object of this missive was plain. I felt that my weakness was detected; that I was an object of the keenest ridicule. Had there been one word of generous and considerate kindness,—one evidence of sympathy for the loneliness of a stranger—my whole soul would have dissolved in gratitude. But this cool and quizzical note—I gnashed my teeth in very intensity of rage.

I resolved to accept the invitation. How indignant would the aristocratic Mr. Weymouth be, at finding among his invited guests, a poor and unknown mechanic! And then,—a reflection still more soothing to my injured vanity—how would his proud daughter,—the refined, the high bred and sensitive Ida—the evident author of my precious communication—how would she chafe at finding her jest retaliated, and herself made an object of mirth for her acquaintance!

It were well, had my revenge been limited to this paltry end. But darker thoughts rose to my mind, as I brooded over the subject.

I had,—as what young man has not?—some sparks of personal vanity, which the breath of flattery had kindled into an unceasing flame. With the sex, I had fancied myself irresistible; and it was that power which I now resolved to exercise in furtherance of my scheme.

That evening I was missed from my accustomed stroll. The crowd stared idly at my window, for a while, and then dispersed.—Meantime, my toilet was made with the most scrupulous care. Never before, had I seemed to comprehend the philosophy of effect. No belle ever made more elaborate preparations for conquest; none ever regarded them with more sanguine hopes.

As the proper hour approached, I took my solitary way to the residence of Mr. Weymouth. The mansion literally blazed with light; and through the half curtained windows, I discovered a throng of youthful guests. It was evidently a grand effort; and I smiled in real disdain, at the pride which could not be satisfied with its own arrogant display, without stepping aside to cast a sneer upon the lowly and unoffending stranger.—The very brilliancy of the scene nerved my confidence anew.

The servant stared curiously as I approached him. This expression gave place to one of mingled astonishment and confusion, as I communicated the name he was to announce. He seemed half disposed to refuse, altogether, the customary duty, till I placed before him my card of invitation, and repeated the direction in a tone that left no room for hesitation.

“Mr. Trevilyon, the Weird Stranger!”

Thus was I announced.

A bolt of thunder from a clear sky, could not have more startled that gay company.—As the words rang clearly through the room, every other sound was hushed into instantaneous silence. The light laugh ceased, and the sharp jest died on the lips that uttered it. Every eye was riveted upon me, as I stood calm, and almost indifferent, in the door.

But in a moment, the master of the house, a man of grave aspect and stately presence, advanced, with some embarrassment, towards me. Surprise, struggling with vexation, was visible in his countenance.

“I fear, sir,” said he, in a tone not altogether courteous, “that here is some mistake.—Your name and person are unknown to me, and the title you have so singularly chosen, may well induce astonishment and doubt.”

I replied to this pointed greeting, by placing in his hand my talismanic missive. As his eye glanced over the lines, an expression of pain and anger marked his features. He turned sharply towards a young girl who stood near, with her blushing face hid by her hands, and shrinking in terror and shame from that fiery glance. Seizing one of her hands, and thrusting the note before her eyes, he demanded,

“Who wrote this?”

The girl raised her head, and casting back the loose locks of golden hair which her agitation had discomposed, replied, with a dignity and self-possession which seemed miraculous, so sudden was the change—

“It is to me that we are indebted for this gentleman’s presence, and I trust you will permit me to receive him with the courtesy due an invited guest. Mr. Trevilyon,” she added, in a tone of unequalled sweetness, “will, I trust, forgive the rude jest of a thoughtless girl, and join in the amusements of the evening!”

Despite my stern vow, I was charmed with the *naïve* frankness of this address. The brow of her father relaxed its heavy folds, and he added his apology to hers, and joined in the request she had preferred. Guests, too, came pressing around, anxious to terminate the awkward scene. The word flew from mouth to mouth, that this was the silent man who had for weeks tantalized the curiosity of the village by his unaccountable habits. All were anxious to gaze at the strange being, and hear him speak. Whiskered young men voted him a blood; sentimental girls whispered suspicions of some exiled prince; and shrewd mammas saw encouraging evidences of a good match. I was the lion of the evening, and determined to assert my right to the honor.

To mingle freely with the guests, giving to each the necessary proportion of attention, cost me no effort. So long had my spirit communed only with its own voices, that even the idle gossip of a fashionable party, thrilled it with an unaccustomed pleasure. I felt within me all the capabilities of genius. Words came unbidden to my lips; and I knew, from their visible effect, that they were words of eloquence and power. Do not accuse me of egotism, gentlemen, for I was not my ordinary self. I was laboring under a spiritual intoxication, while my will lost no part of its wonted strength.

Time flew with winged feet. Music and mirth mingled with the light measures of the dance; wit chased the wine-cup in its rapid round. But, in all this riotous flow of joy, my mind ever recurred to the incident which had brought me from my lonely chamber to mingle in such a scene. My thoughts were occupied with unholy impulses of revenge on the fair being who had so deeply wounded my self-love. My eye followed her graceful form

with an unwilling fascination; I listened, with angry pleasure, to the matchless music of her voice. I marked that she divided, with myself, the homage of the room; and with an intensity of opposite passions, at which I now wonder and weep, vowed anew that no human power should stand between her and my own resolves.

It is one of those mysteries that seem to overshadow our human existence, that Providence so often seems to aid the execution of evil designs. It seemed to me, at this time, that some invisible influence was around me, with its *prestige* of super human power. I felt an intuitive sureness that success waited on my efforts. I fancied fascination attending on my every movement, as well as hers. I knew that a resistless destiny had interwoven our fates in inextricable meshes.

Often, as we found ourselves together, did my ceaseless vigilance detect an emotion she would fain conceal. But not all her woman's art could hide from my scrutiny, the furtive and admiring glance, and the evident pleasure excited by my ready flatteries.

The night wore on, and, with its hours, fled the effervescence of feeling which had been its chief charm. Bright eyes began to wink wearily beneath the glare of the lamps; graceful forms drooped under their gathering load of fatigue. One by one the guests made their adieus and departed. Still, a large number, infatuated by the draught of pleasure they had quaffed, seemed determined to drain to its dregs, the cup presented to their lips; and maintained, with forced hilarity, the gayety of the scene.

Suddenly, I found myself alone with Ida, near a window which looked out upon a pleasure ground, bounded beyond by the moonlit lake. The heated atmosphere of the room had become oppressive, and I saw that she languished under its influence. Drawing her arm gently within my own, I led her forth upon the terrace.

The cool breeze from the lake, immediately revived her. After a few common place sentiments on the beauty of the night, she exclaimed,

"How tiresome, after all, are these stupid routs! To look forward to one with such interest, and then rejoice to get away into the open air, and pure moonlight, which one can enjoy at any time."

"True," I replied, "like all splendid pleasures, they are more enjoyed in anticipation and remembrance, than in fruition. Would you consent to be deprived of the memory of this night?"

"No; and yet its chief interest has been so unlike that I expected."—She paused an instant, in an embarrassment more eloquent than words, and then resumed, somewhat abruptly—"how can you ever pardon the rudeness which dictated my invitation?"

"Do you, then, regret its consequences?"

"O no!" and then she paused again, in evident confusion.

"For myself," I resumed, "no effort of mine can ever repay the debt I owe you for this opportunity. But for that invitation, I should have returned to-morrow, to the labor of my humble calling, unblessed by the recollection of your considerate kindness, which has caused to thrill anew in my bosom, emotions I had long thought dead."

"You are generous," said she, "and would soften down the poignancy of my regret.—Still"—she hesitated, painfully,—“still, I must again venture, an offense, by saying that you can do this still more effectually in another way."

"Name it, I beseech you."

"I know I am thoughtless and vain; but such, Heaven will witness, are not the impulses which influence me at this moment.—While I am humiliated at the recollection of my unbecoming jest upon one whom I considered a rude and ignorant craftsman, it will more than compensate for all, to have the assurance that my design, however ill-conceived, has rescued from an unworthy position, one born to nobler destinies, and restored him again to his proper sphere."

I could feel that she listened with intense interest for my reply; still we walked on in silence.

"I have again offended?" she said, in tones whose involuntary tremulousness revealed her anxiety.

"Offended! Is it for me, a humble mechanic, to be offended at the interest expressed by one like you? a lady, young, beautiful, and refined—rich, courted, and almost idolized by throngs of ardent admirers? No; I feel too deeply, the honor you have done me. Alas! that I may not deserve it. Most gladly would I sanction the romantic belief your imagination has called up; but it may not be. You behold no heir of wealth, or worldly honors; no favored child of fortune, nursed in the lap of luxury and ease. I am simply what I seem—a plain mechanic. My implements with which to work out a fortune and a name, are the chisel and the plane. In one thing alone, am I your equal—pride. I have a pride which brooks no insult—regards no obstacle. I aspire to be the best cabinet-maker in America."

The peculiar occasion, and the perfect seriousness with which I uttered this singular speech, forbade the otherwise inevitable belief that it was all a jest. The utmost ingenuity, I am convinced, could not have devised a more effectual means of irritating and repressing the generous feelings which the occasion had revealed. It fell on the bright visions which a quick fancy and kind heart had raised at the bidding of inexorable pride, and crushed them with resistless weight. But the pride rose against the lowly spirit which my words evinced, and I noticed that she resisted, only with an effort, a sudden impulse to quit my arm. We turned silently back, and retraced our steps to the drawing-room, to find it nearly deserted.

In five minutes I was pacing the smooth strand of the lake, and brooding over the strange philosophy of human passion, which directs every arrow aimed at the heart of another, most surely to our own bosoms.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Campbene.

The Maine Farmer tells of a chap in Gardner, who took a gill of campbene in mistake for gin, but whose life was saved by a most ingenious process. After the stomach pump and all means of restoration, had been tried in vain, the grocer's clerk simply run a wick down the patient's throat, touched a blaze to it, and burned out the campbene! Instant restoration was the consequence.

Essay.

Original.

Genius of Robert Burns.

THE peasantry of Scotland were never a low and degraded people, as they have often been represented.

Their greatest of ancient minstrels—*Ossian*—who sung of the “old dusky times,” when men held communion with gods, has represented them as a grave and almost sad people. This character is one that might naturally result from living in a climate where the blasts of winter, sweeping over desolate moors, and bare, rocky summits, are much oftener heard than the gentle zephyrs of spring and summer. That they were brave and patriotic too, let the bloody fields of Bannockburn and Floddenfield testify.

They embraced the stern, old, puritanic principles of John Knox, because congenial to their natures, and it had the effect to deepen the solemnity of their already grave natures almost to severity, from a continual consciousness of the awful responsibility of life itself.

From this peasantry came forth Robert Burns, inheriting their patriotism, their independence, and their regard for every thing truly noble and holy; but, with his far-seeing eyes, penetrating the disguises of hypocrisy and oppression, he hesitated not to tear away their masks, and assert the nobility of man. The son of a laborer, he was doomed to a life of toil, and such toil as is only known where labor, hard, unceasing labor, and labor to the utmost extent of the physical energies, is necessary for the support of mere existence.

While following his plough or performing other drudgery of the farm, his active intellect seized hold of every means of cultivation; his lightning-like perception observed in each little incident of every-day life, some object of mirth or meditation; his ardent imagination invested every one around him with the lofty and true affections of his own soul; and his creative genius peopled the woods, the streams, and the shady glen, with the wondrous beings of his own fancy.

Intently pouring over every stray fragment of Scottish song, and treasuring up every legendary story, he became conversant with the history of his country; and the brave deeds of his ancestors, thrilling through “his soul of fire,” he contemplated with the ardor of a patriot, and sang with a sweetness and power, before unheard on those sterile plains and barren burn sides. He was conscious of his genius, and proud of his own powers; and when his song had introduced him to the titled and great, he moved through their lordly halls, with the same grace and dignity with which he trod the green sward and fallow of his native Ayrshire. He became the “observed of all observers;” and the aristocracy of birth, wealth and talent, bowed to the majesty of genius. His power over the human heart was universal and almost supernatural. Women, from “Highland Mary” upon the banks of “Sweet Afton,” to the high-born Duchess, surrounded by the wealth and talent of a kingdom, hung enraptured upon his accents; and even stern judges and grave old bishops were convulsed by his sallies of wit.

Ever varying and ever changing in his con-

versation, he alternately created irrepressible laughter by his brilliant humor, or drew forth plentiful tears by his earnestness and pathos. But fashion cannot long be controlled by mere genius, and after a brief worship at the shrine of true greatness, its votaries returned to their idols, and the proud and independent bard was permitted to go back to his life of toil. While wealth was scattered in profusion to pave the way to pleasure, he was exhausting, in physical labor, the energies of that splendid genius, which, with proper assistance, might have guided literature, and, half a century ago, have given to man a view of that Heaven, of which, even now, he has but occasional glimpses.

So are the richest gifts of intellect, which the Almighty vouchsafes to bestow upon men, if accompanied by poverty, ever spurned!

But rank and wealth went their way, and Burns went his; singing in manly independence,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

While they have disappeared from the world, "leaving not a rack behind," his fame will grow brighter and brighter as long as the English language shall endure.

The prevailing characteristic of Burns' poetry is pathos; but he was also Nature's bard, and not unmindful of her minutest operations. His soul was filled with an enlarged philanthropy, unknown to coarser natures; and, on the banks of Doon, he has sung in such exquisite strains, that they to us have become classic, like the vale of Ferney, the groves of Arqua, or the banks of Avon.

Historical.

Horrible Excision of Wyoming.

BY CHARLES BOTTA.

In the midst of the general devastation, there happened an event which, perhaps, would be found without example in the history of inhuman men. Inhabitants of Connecticut had planted on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, towards the extremity of Pennsylvania, and upon the road of Owego, the settlement of Wyoming. Populous and flourishing, its prosperity was the subject of admiration. It consisted of eight townships, each containing a square of five miles, beautifully situated on both sides of the river. The mildness of the climate answered to the fertility of the soil. The inhabitants were strangers alike to excessive wealth, which elates and depraves, and to poverty, which discourages and degrades. All lived in a happy mediocrity, frugal of their own, and coveting nothing from others. Incessantly occupied in rural toils, they avoided idleness, and all the vices of which it is the source. In a word, this little country presented in reality the image of those fabulous times which the poets have described under the name of the *Golden Age*. But their domestic felicity was no counterpoise to the zeal with which they were animated for the common cause; they took up arms and flew to succor their country. It is said they had furnished to the army no less than a thousand soldiers, a number truly prodigious

for such a feeble population, and so happy in their homes. Yet, notwithstanding the drain of all this vigorous youth, the abundance of harvests sustained no diminution. Their crowded granaries, and pastures replenished with fat cattle, offered an exhaustless resource to the American army.

But neither so many advantages, nor even the retired situation of these unfortunate colonists, could exempt them from the baneful influence of party spirit. Although the tories, as they called them, were not so numerous as the partisans of liberty, yet they challenged attention by the arrogance of their character, and the extent of their pretensions. Hence, not only families were seen armed against families, but even sons sided against their fathers, brothers against brothers, and, at last, wives against husbands. So true it is, that no virtue is proof against the fanaticism of opinion, and no happiness against political divisions. The tories were, besides, exasperated at their losses in the incursions they made in company with the savages in the preceding campaign; but that which envenomed them the most was, that several individuals of the same party, who, having quitted their habitations, were come to claim hospitality, then so much in honor among the Americans, and particularly at Wyoming, had been arrested as suspected persons, and sent to take their trial in Connecticut. Others had been expelled from the colony. Thus hatreds became continually more and more rancorous. The tories swore revenge; they coalesced with the Indians. The time was favorable, as the youth of Wyoming were at the army. In order the better to secure success, and to surprise their enemies before they should think of standing upon their defense, they resorted to artifice. They pretended the most friendly dispositions, while they meditated only war and vengeance.

A few weeks before they purposed to execute their horrible enterprise, they sent several messengers, charged with protestations of their earnest desire to cultivate peace. These perfidies lulled the inhabitants of Wyoming into a deceitful security, while they procured the tories and savages the means of concerting with their partisans, and of observing the immediate state of the colony. Notwithstanding the solemn assurances of the Indians, the colonists, as it often happens when great calamities are about to fall on a people, seemed to have a sort of presentiment of their approaching fate. They wrote to Washington, praying him to send them immediate assistance. Their dispatches did not reach him; they were intercepted by the Pennsylvanian loyalists; and they would, besides, have arrived too late. The savages had already made their appearance upon the frontiers of the colony; the plunder they had made there was of little importance, but the cruelties they had perpetrated were affrightful; the mournful prelude of those more terrible scenes which were shortly to follow!

About the commencement of the month of July, the Indians suddenly appeared in force upon the banks of the Susquehanna. They were headed by John Butler and Brandt, with other chiefs of their nation, distinguished by their extreme ferocity in the preceding expeditions. This troop amounted in all to sixteen hundred men, of whom less than a fourth

were Indians, and the rest tories, disguised and painted to resemble them. The officers, however, wore the uniforms of their rank, and had the appearance of regulars. The colonists of Wyoming, finding their friends so remote, and their enemies so near, had constructed for their security four forts, in which, and upon different points of the frontier, they had distributed about five hundred men. The whole colony was placed under the command of Zebulon Butler, cousin of John, a man, who with some courage was totally devoid of capacity. He was even accused of treachery; but this imputation is not proved. It is at least certain that one of the forts which stood nearest to the frontiers, was intrusted to soldiers infected with the opinions of the tories, and who gave it up, without resistance, at the first approach of the enemy. The second, on being vigorously assaulted, surrendered at discretion. The savages spared, it is true, the women and children, but butchered all the rest without exception. Zebulon then withdrew, with all his people, into the principal fort, called Kingston. The old men, the women, the children, the sick, in a word, all that were unable to bear arms, repaired thither in throngs, and uttering lamentable cries, as to the last refuge where any hope of safety remained. The position was susceptible of defense; and if Zebulon had held firm, he might have hoped to withstand the enemy until the arrival of succors. But John Butler was lavish of promises, in order to draw him out, in which he succeeded, by persuading him that if he would consent to a parley in the open field, the siege would soon be raised and every thing accommodated. John retired, in fact, with all his corps; Zebulon afterwards marched out to the place appointed for the conference, at a considerable distance from the fort; from motives of caution, he took with him four hundred men well armed, being nearly the whole strength of his garrison. If this step was not dictated by treachery, it must, at least, be attributed to a very strange simplicity. Having come to the spot agreed on, Zebulon found no living being there. Reluctant to return without an interview, he advanced towards the foot of a mountain, at a still greater distance from the fort, hoping he might there find some person to confer with. The farther he proceeded in this dismal solitude, the more he had occasion to remark that no token appeared of the presence or vicinity of human creatures. But far from halting, as if impelled by an irresistible destiny, he continued his march. The country, meanwhile, began to be overshadowed by thick forests; at length, in a winding path, he perceived a flag, which seemed to wave him on. The individual who bore it, as if afraid of treachery from his side, retired as he advanced, still making the same signals. But already the Indians, who knew the country, profiting by the obscurity of the woods, had completely surrounded him. The unfortunate American, without suspicion of the peril he was in, continued to press forward in order to assure the traitors that he would not betray them. He was awakened but too soon from this dream of security; in an instant the savages sprung from their ambush, and fell upon him with hideous yells.

He formed his little troop into a compact column, and showed more presence of mind in

THE LITERARY UNION.

danger that he had manifested in the negotiation. Though surprised, the Americans exhibited such vigor and resolution that the advantage was rather on their side, when a soldier, either through treachery or cowardice, cried out aloud, '*The colonel has ordered a retreat.*' The Americans immediately break, the savages leap in among the ranks, and a horrible carnage ensues. The fugitives fall by missiles, the resisting by clubs and tomahawks. The wounded overturn those that are not, the dead and the dying are heaped together promiscuously. Happy those who expire the soonest! The savages reserve the living for tortures! and the infuriate tories, if other arms fail them, mangle the prisoners with their nails! Never was rout so deplorable; never was massacre accompanied with so many horrors. Nearly all the Americans perished; about sixty escaped from the butchery, and with Zebulon, made their way good to a redoubt upon the other bank of the Susquehanna.

The conquerors invested Kingston anew, and to dismay the relics of the garrison by the most execrable spectacle, they hurled into the place above two hundred scalps, still reeking with the blood of their slaughtered brethren. Colonel Dennison, who commanded the fort, seeing the impossibility of defense, sent out a flag to inquire of Butler what terms would be allowed the garrison, on surrendering the fort? He answered, with all the fellness of his inhuman character, and in a single word—the *hatchet*. Reduced to this dreadful extremity, the colonel still made what resistance he could. At length, having lost almost all his soldiers, he surrendered at discretion. The savages entered the fort, and began to drag out the vanquished, who, knowing the hands they were in, expected no mercy. But impatient of the tedious process of murder in detail, the barbarians afterwards bethought themselves of enclosing the men, women, and children promiscuously in the houses and barracks, to which they set fire and consumed all within, listening, delighted, to the moans and shrieks of the expiring multitude.

The fort of Wilkesbarre still remained in the power of the colonists of Wyoming. The victors presented themselves before it; those within, hoping to find mercy, surrendered at discretion, and without resistance. But if opposition exasperated these ferocious men, or rather these tigers, insatiable of human blood, submission did not soften them. Their rage was principally exercised upon the soldiers of the garrison; all of whom they put to death, with a barbarity ingenious in tortures. As for the rest, men, women, and children, who appeared to them not to merit any special attention, they burned them as before, in the houses and barracks. The forts being fallen into their hands, the barbarians proceeded, without obstacle, to the devastation of the country. They employed at once, fire, sword, and all instruments of destruction. The crops of every description were consigned to the flames. The habitations, granaries, and other constructions, the fruit of years of human industry, sunk in ruin under the destructive strokes of these cannibals. But who will believe that their fury, not yet satiated upon human creatures, was also wreaked upon the very beasts? They cut out the tongues of the horses and cattle, and left them to wander in the midst

of those fields lately so luxuriant, and now in desolation, seeming to enjoy the torments of their lingering death.

We have long hesitated whether we ought to relate particular instances of this demoniac cruelty, the bare remembrance of them makes us shudder. But on reflecting that these examples may deter good princes from war, and citizens from civil discord, we have deemed it useful to record them. Captain Bedlock having been stripped naked, the savages stuck pine splinters into all parts of his body; and then a heap of knots of the same wood being piled round him, the whole was set on fire, and his two companions, the captains Ransom and Durgee, thrown alive into the flames. *The tories appeared to vie with, and even to surpass, the savages in barbarity.* One of them, whose mother had married a second husband, butchered her with his own hand, and afterwards massacred his father-in-law, his own sisters, and their infants in the cradle. Another killed his own father, and exterminated all his family. A third imbrued his hands in the blood of his brothers, his sisters, his brother-in-law, and his father-in-law.

These were a part only of the horrors perpetrated by the loyalists and Indians, at the excision of Wyoming. Other atrocities, if possible, still more abominable, we leave in silence.

Those who had survived the massacres were no less worthy of commiseration; they were women and children, who had escaped to the woods at the time their husbands and fathers expired under the blows of the barbarians.—Dispersed and wandering in the forests, as chance and fear directed their steps, without clothes, without food, without guide, these defenseless fugitives suffered every degree of distress. The most robust and resolute alone escaped; the others perished; their bodies and those of their hapless infants became the prey of wild beasts. Thus the most flourishing colony then existing in America was totally erased.

Conversational Powers.

FLUENCY in conversation, must not be ascribed as a test of talent. Men of genius and wisdom, have often been found deficient in its graces. Adam Smith ever retained, in company, the embarrassed manners of a student.—Neither Buffon nor Rousseau carried their eloquence into society. The silence of the poet Chaucer, was held more desirable than his speech. The conversation of Goldsmith, did not evince the grace and tenderness that characterize his compositions. Thomas was diffident, and often uninteresting. Dante was taciturn, and all the brilliancy of Tasso was in his pen. Descartes seemed formed for solitude. Cowley was a quaint observer; his conversation was slow and dull, and his humor reserved. Hogarth and Smith were absent-minded; and the studious Thomas Parker said that he was fit for no communion save with the dead. Our own Hamilton, Franklin, and a host of others, were deficient in that fluency which often fascinates a promiscuous circle.

"I can boast of rank," as the butter said to the cheese. "And I am strong and mite-y," as the cheese replied to the butter.

Religious.

CHRISTIANITY.

I believe Christianity to be true, or to have come from God, because it seems to me impossible to trace it to any other origin. It must have had a cause, and no other adequate cause can be assigned. The incongruity between this religion and the circumstances amidst which it grew up, is so remarkable, that we are compelled to look beyond and above this world for explanation. When I go back to the origin of Christianity, and place myself in the age and country of its birth, I can find nothing in the opinions of men, or in the state of society, which can account for its beginning or diffusion. There was no power on earth to create or uphold such a system.—There was nothing congenial with it in Judaism, in heathenism, or in the state of society among the most cultivated communities. If you study the religions, governments, and philosophical systems of that age, you will discover in them not even a leaning towards Christianity. It sprung up in opposition to all, making no compromise with human prejudice or passion; and it sprung up, not only superior to all, but possessing, at its very beginning, a perfection, which has been the admiration of ages, and which, instead of being dimmed by time, has come forth more brightly, in proportion to the progress of the human mind.

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Christianity, I repeat it, was not the growth of the age in which it appeared. It had no sympathy with that age. It was the echo of no sect or people. It stood alone at the moment of its birth. It used not a word of conciliation. It stooped to no error or passion. It had its own tone, the tone of authority and superiority to the world. It struck at the root of what was everywhere called glory, reversed the judgments of all former ages, passed a condemning sentence on the idols of this world's admiration, and held forth, as the perfection of human nature, a spirit of love, so pure and divine, so free and full, so mild and forgiving, so invincible in fortitude yet so tender in its sympathies, that even now, few comprehend it in its extent and elevation. Such a religion had not its origin in this world.

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I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is true. It is true; and its truth is to break forth more and more gloriously. Of this, I have not a doubt. I know, indeed, that our religion has been questioned even by intelligent and good men; but this does not shake my faith in its divine original, or in its ultimate triumphs. Such men have questioned it, because they have known it chiefly by its corruptions. In proportion as its original simplicity shall be restored, the doubts of the well-disposed will yield. I have no fears from infidelity; especially, from that form of it, which some are at this moment laboring to spread through our country; I mean, that insane, desperate unbelief, which strives to quench the light of nature as well as of revelation, and to leave us, not only without Christ, but without God. This I dread no more than I should fear the efforts of men to pluck the sun from his sphere, or to storm the skies with the artillery of the earth. We were made for reli-

gion; and unless the enemies of our faith can change our nature, they will leave the foundation of religion unshaken. The human soul was created to look above material nature. It wants a Deity for its love and trust, and Immortality for its hope. It wants consolations not found in philosophy; wants strength in temptation, sorrow, and death, which human wisdom cannot minister; and knowing, as I do, that Christianity meets these deep wants of men, I have no fear or doubts as to its triumphs. Men cannot long live without religion. In France, there is a spreading dissatisfaction with the skeptical spirit of the past generation. A philosopher in that country would now blush to quote Voltaire as an authority in religion. Already, Atheism is dumb where once it seemed to bear sway. The greatest minds in France are working back their way to the light of truth. Many of them, indeed, cannot yet be called Christians; but their path, like that of the wise men of old, who came star-guided from the East, is towards Christ. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It has an immortal life, and will gather strength from the violence of its foes. It is equal to all the wants of men. The greatest minds have found in it the light which they most anxiously desired. The most sorrowful and broken spirits have found in it a healing balm for their woes. It has inspired the sublimest virtues and the loftiest hopes.—For the corruptions of such a religion I weep, and I should blush to be their advocate; but of the Gospel itself, I can never be ashamed.

The Future.

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap from the temple of our heart, wander about, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, holding their "festival above the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

And, finally, why is it that brighter forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful, which begins here and passes before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

LONGEVITY.—A woman of color named Feleecie Maxan, died in the city of New-Orleans on the 8th of February last, at the extremely advanced age of 131 years, without having been sick a day in her life.

GRAVEL ROOFS.—There is over 100,000 feet of gravel roofing in Cincinnati. There are men who make it a regular business to attend to the roofing of houses with gravel. It is said to be proof both against fire and water.

Miscellany.

THE SONG OF TOIL.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

LET him who will, rehearse he song
Of gentle love and bright romance;
Let him who will, with tripping tongue,
Lead gleaming thoughts to fancy's dance;
But let me strike mine iron harp,
As northern harps were struck of old—
And let it's music, stern and sharp,
Arouse the free and bold!

My hand, that iron harp shall sweep,
Till from each stroke new strains recoil,
And forth the sounding echoes leap,
To join the arousing song of toil!
Till men of thought, their thoughts outspeak,
And thoughts awake in kindred mind,
And stirring words shall arm the weak,
And fetters cease to bind!

And coursing, soon, o'er soul and sense,
That glorious harp, whose iron strings
Are Labor's mighty instruments,
Shall shake the thrones of mortal kings;
And ring of ax, and anvil note,
And rush of plow through yielding soil,
And laboring engine's vocal throat,
Shall swell the Song of Toil!

From Blackwood.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The difference between the mental qualities of the sexes is owing, we apprehend, far more to education than to nature. At all events, there is no such natural difference as warrants the distinction we make in the mental discipline we provide for them. There are certain professional studies with which no one thinks of vexing the mind of any one, man or woman, but those who intend to practice the profession; but why, in a good English library, there should be one half of it, and that the better half, which a young woman is not expected to read—this we never could understand, and never reflect on with common patience. Why may not a Locke, or a Paley, or a Dugald Stewart, train the mind of the future mother of a family? or why may not an intelligent young woman be a companion for her brother or her husband in his more serious moods of thought, as well as in his gayer and more trifling? Would the world lose anything of social happiness or moral refinement by this intellectual equality of the two sexes? You vex the memory of a young girl with dictionaries and vocabularies without end; you tax her memory in every conceivable manner; and at an after-age you give the literature of sentiment freely to her pillage; but that which should step between the two—the culture of the reason—this is entirely forbidden. If she learns a dozen modern languages, she does not read a single book in any one of them that would make her think. Even in her religious library, the same distinction is preserved. Books of sentimental piety—some of them maudlin enough—are thrust with kindest anxiety and most liberal profusion upon her; any work of theology, any work that discusses and examines, is as carefully excluded.

We are not contending that there is no difference whatever in the mental constitution of the two sexes. There may be less tendency to ratiocination in woman; there is certainly more of feeling, a quicker and more sensitive nature. One sees this especially in children. Mark them in their play-hours, in their holiday freedom, when they are left to themselves to find matter of enjoyment—how much more pleasure does the girl evidently derive from any beautiful or living thing that comes before her than the boy! We have an instance of it almost as we write. There is a group of children on the beach. The little girl is in perfect ecstasies, as she looks at the sparkling waves that come bounding to her feet; she shouts, she leaps, she herself bounds towards them, then springs back as they approach, half frightened and half pleased—she knows not how to express her delight at this great play-fellow she has found. Meanwhile the boy, her brother, does nothing but throw stones at it—of that he seems never wearied. The beach is a perfect armory to him, and he pelts the graceful waves remorselessly. What is their grace to him? So, too, in an inland scene, a garden or a lawn, we have often noticed what exquisite pleasure a little girl will feel, as she watches a sparrow alight near her upon the ground, in search of crumbs or other food. Her little frame quite thrills as this other little piece of life comes hopping and pecking about her. She loads it, but with suppressed voice, with all the endearing epithets her vocabulary supplies. She is evidently embarrassed that they are so few; she makes up by their frequent repetition. She absolutely loves the little creature, with all whose movements she seems to have the keenest sympathy. Her brother, the boy, he has nothing for it but his unfailing stone, or he flings his hat at it. Unfailing, fortunately, the stone is not; for, if his skill as a marksman responded to his destructive zeal, there is nothing that a stone would kill that would be left alive, or that a stone would break that would be left whole. A mere blind animal-activity seems, at that very interesting age, to distinguish the future lord of the creation.

At an after period of life, when thought has educated the youth into feeling, the picture is often entirely reversed. Then, unless the man be bred up a mere pleasure-hunter, seeking what he calls amusement in town or country, the superior education he has received makes him the more feeling, the more imaginative, because the more reflective of the two. That brother who once shocked his little sister by his stupid and cruel amusements, now looks with something like contempt at the frivolous tastes and occupations—at the system of poor artificial enjoyments—to which that sister has betaken herself. Now, if they are at the sea-side together, it is he who finds companionship in the waves, who finds thought grow more expanded, freer, and bolder, in the presence of the boundless ocean. She, too, dotes upon the sea, and sits down beside it—to read her novel. Now, if they ride or walk through the country together, it is his eye that sees the bird upon the bough—hers is on the distant dust that some equipage is making.

But matters are mending, and will continue to mend. There are so many women of richly cultivated minds who have distinguished themselves in letters or in society, and made it highly feminine to be intelligent as well as

THE LITERARY UNION.

good, and to have elevated as well as amiable feelings, that by-and-by the whole sex must adopt a new standard of education. It must, we presume, be by leaders of their own starting out of their own body, that the rest of the soft and timid flock must be led.

Yellow-Covered Literature.

A *contemporary*, speaking of the "elopements" of young females, which are becoming so alarmingly frequent of late, says "there must be some cause for this; and, in our opinion, it may be found in the character and tendency of much of the so-called *literature*, which enters into the reading of girls and young ladies." This, we believe is true. The country is just now perfectly flooded with demoralizing publications, in the shape of red-and-yellow-covered novelettes, and translations from the French, which form the chief staple in the reading of large masses of the people. It is useless to say, as some otherwise and knowing ones do, that these works are read for amusement only, and therefore have no corrupting tendency; or that, at the worst, they fall into channels already impure. Such is not the case. Almost the whole of this "literature" is of a decidedly pernicious character, tending not only to vitiate the taste by creating a morbid appetite for the mock-sentimental, but to debauch the heart, undermine the principles, and prepare the reader to become an easy prey to the wiles of the seducer. Many a once pure-minded girl may attribute her fall to this source. It is a poison more dangerous because insidious—entwining the mind so gradually, and polluting its thoughts and emotions so imperceptibly, that the work of ruin is unnoticed till it is complete. Let those who have charge of the young, beware how they suffer such publications to enter their houses,—let them scout such vehicles of impurity, as they would an obscene painting or print. It is not by reading the details of the Newgate Calendar, that young men are to learn to shun those vices that lead to the prison or scaffold; nor is it by reading glowing, high-wrought, and mock-sentimental accounts of "elopements," and enticings-away from "cruel fathers," that young females are to learn to conduct themselves with prudence and discretion in the affairs of the heart. Rely upon it, fathers and mothers, such "literature" is a deadly foe to purity; and it is by such subtle and unsuspected agencies, that the enemy of female virtue succeeds most effectually in achieving his heartless purposes. If you have a daughter that is dear to you as "the ruddy drops that warm your heart," and whom you would not have familiarized with thoughts and emotions of which she should remain in ignorance—if you would have her retain that primal simplicity, delicacy, and innocence, which make her revolt and sicken at the slightest possible freedom of speech or action from the opposite sex—look well to the LITERATURE that goes into her hands!—*Yankee Blade*.

Population of the United States.

FROM the report of 1848, submitted to Congress by the Commissioner of the Patent Office, it appears that the present population of the United States is estimated at 21,686,000.

AN APT QUOTATION.

As Jane beneath a tree repos'd,
The volume in her hand she closed.
('Twas Collins' Ode upon the Passions,
Which still outlives all change of fashions:)
But Jane mused on a dearer theme,
And Charles was hero of her dream!

She turned—and saw with mingled feeling,
Charles at her side was lowly kneeling.
His love he ventured to express—
She rose, amazed—(could she do less?)
But as she rose, ah! hapless fair,
A branch had fastened in her hair.

This spiteful and elastic twig
Sprung back—and carried up her wig!
Lovers are blind, and Charles devis'd
A soothing phrase, though much surprised;
And from the Ode, in tone serene,
He read, "Loose were her tresses seen."

Historical Details.

In the history of each nation there are some Eminent Men, in whom the spirit of the nation seems to culminate—either because they are more the nation than the nation itself, or because by their eminent power they constrain the nation to take the form of these individuals; such men are to be distinctly studied and carefully portrayed; for while embodying the nation's genius they are an epitome of its history. In a first survey, we know a nation best by its great men, as a country by its mountains and its plains, its waters and its shores,—by its great characters. Still, while these eminent men are to be put in the foreground of the picture, the humblest class is by no means to be neglected. In the Family of Man there are elder and younger brothers; the facts from the everyday life of the merchant, the slave, the peasant, the mechanic, are often worth more, as signs of the times, than a chapter which relates the intrigues of a courtier, though these are not to be overlooked. It is well to know what songs the peasant sung; what prayers he prayed; what food he ate; what tools he wrought with; what tax he paid; how he stood connected with the soil; how he was brought to war, and what weapons armed him for the fight. It is not very important to know whether General Breakwater commanded on the right or the left; whether he charged uphill or downhill; whether he rode a bright chestnut horse or a dapple gray, nor whether he got dismounted by the breaking of his saddle-girth or the stumbling of his beast. But it is important to know whether the soldiers were accoutered well or ill, and whether they came voluntarily to the war, and fought in battle with a will, or were brought to the conflict against their own consent, not much caring which side was victorious.—*Massachusetts Quarterly Review*.

A Calculator.

An ingenious Frenchman has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of dancing, traverses in the saloons of Paris, when only performing *contra dances*, amounts in one season to *four hundred miles*! He has also estimated that a French lady fond of *waltzing*, will spin round in one night as often as the wheels of a steamboat revolve in going from Calais to Dover!

Let Children Sing.

All children can learn to sing, if they commence in season. In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools, all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches, singing is not confined to the choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart which can give utterance to this language from the soul.

In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked influence in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr. Rush used to say that the reason why the Germans seldom die of consumption was, that they were always *singing*.—*American Magazine*.

A Noble Reply.

It was a beautiful turn that was given by a great lady, who, being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, (Charles II,) who told her that nothing but her discovering where her lord was, could save her from the torture. "And w'll that do?" said the lady. "Yes," replied the king, "I give you my word for it." "Then," said she, "I have hid him in my heart; there, and there alone, you will find him!"

Flowers.

WHY does not everybody have a geranium, a rose, or some other flower, in the window? It is very cheap, next to nothing if you raise it from seed or slip, and is a beauty and a companion. As charming Leigh Hunt says, it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. If it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for neglecting it, for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living as it does, purely to do you good, and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it?

Invention of Watches.

WATCHES were first invented, it is said, in Nuremberg in Germany, about 1477, nearly coeval with the art of printing. It has been asserted that Robert, King of Scotland, had a watch as early as 1310; but this needs confirmation. They were first used for astronomical purposes by Purbach, in 1500. These, however, in construction and size were more properly clocks. Spring pocket watches it is conceded, were first invented by Dr. Hooke, in England, and Huggens, in Holland.

SIXTY years ago, says an exchange, Mrs. WASHINGTON knit stockings for the General; now there are not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part, and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the dumpling.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

OUR PROSPECTS.

A new enterprise is always regarded with distrust. No matter how enlightened the community—how praiseworthy and useful the effort—some will stand aloof till time shall determine the question of success. With this provision of Nature we find no fault. We do not intend to waste breath in railing at the badness of the world; we take it as we find it, and shall be content to use our humble influence in making it better. Such individuals as we have mentioned, are necessary in society; they do good without intending it.

To this prudent class, many of whom we rejoice to number among our personal friends, we would say that we have succeeded. Our efforts have been most encouragingly met, both at home and abroad. Some of the first men in the country—men with world-wide reputation in the literary and political world—have extended to us the hand of sympathy and aid. The Press has given us unexpected praise.

To the many personal friends who have warmly seconded our efforts, we express our thanks, and shall endeavor to deserve their confidence. To all friends of the great principles we have undertaken to sustain, we would appeal for support, if we deserve it;—to such we would hint, also, that present support is all-important. To all, we say that the "Union" is placed on a basis which will sustain it, through its *first year*, even if ONE SUBSCRIBER were not obtained;—no prospect of pecuniary loss, can induce us to abandon the enterprise sooner.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Winter Term of this valuable institution closed on the 5th inst. The customary examination occupied about a week, and is spoken of by the Press in the highest terms. Not having seen a report of the closing exercises, we cannot speak of them from any knowledge of our own; but public report is loud in commendation. From the Albany papers, we learn that the test of scholarship was unusually rigorous, and fully sustained the reputation for thorough instruction which the Normal School has always enjoyed.

The graduates for this county, are Misses Hannah B. Kinney, and Hannah P. Pomeroy.

There are several vacancies to be filled from Onondaga; we trust the official measures for doing so, will be more prompt than has of late been the case.

COPYRIGHT.

More than twenty years ago, the Autocrat of Russia published a *Ukase*, which provided,

That every author should exclusively control the publication of his work during his life time and his heirs for twenty-five years longer:

That no printed or manuscript work of an author should be sold to pay his debts:

That in case a bookseller's shop should be sold for debt, the buyer should fulfil all contracts with authors.—Yet we are still destitute of an international copy-right-law.

THE ONONDAGA COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Commenced its ninth semi-annual session in this city, on Monday, the 9th inst. The attendance, on the first day, was much larger than usual, being nearly one hundred members, and has been continually increasing.

We have never known a more active interest manifested, or witnessed a greater unanimity of feeling. Our teachers, and those of the public who have been in attendance, seem to realize fully the importance of sustaining an institution, which has become so pre-eminent a feature of our common school system.

We shall be able, in our next, to give a synopsis of the proceedings: meantime, we will state that among the educators from abroad, who have favored us with their presence, are Prof. Geo. R. Perkins, Principal of the State Normal School, and Wm. F. Phelps, Principal of the Experimental School, in the same Institution.

As Spring opens, our city gives unmistakable signs of life and activity. Improvements are going on, on all sides. Old buildings are disappearing to give place to magnificent blocks; new streets are being graded to accommodate the increasing wants of the people. Churches are in the process of erection, and our streets are literally filled with bricks and lumber, which is being transformed into marts of business, and homes for families. We are glad to see that taste as well as utility is considered in the construction of new blocks.

More extensive preparations have been made for manufacturing salt than ever before, and the season so far bids fair to be a profitable one for business.

The Public Schools of this city closed their Winter term on the 6th instant. The vacation will continue three or four weeks.

The series of Tales entitled "The President Stories," commenced in this No. of the Union, will be continued at the convenience of the writer. It is proper to say that they are all founded on fact, and many of the characters are resident in Syracuse and the vicinity.

We would advise such of our friends as have business with the merchants, to call on SPENCER, DEWOLFE & SLOSSON, Genesee st. where they may depend upon being served with a good article, and that in a manner which will be sure to please.

Will E. W. K. give us an article for "auld lang syne?"

We are indebted to Hon. Edward Everett for a copy of his late Address.

A new story by Dickens is shortly expected out.

The *emeute* in Canada would seem to be important only as a Tory movement. If loyalty itself has vented its dissatisfaction in threats, we may well be prepared for more serious demonstrations in future. At present, we apprehend, little more will be done.

JOHN B. GOUGH.—This eloquent apostle of temperance will address children and youth under 14 years of age, at the First Presbyterian Church in this city, on Saturday afternoon next. Admittance free. On Monday evening next he will lecture at the same place. Tickets 12 1/2 cents.—*Journal.*

GLEANINGS.

The number of buildings now being erected in Syracuse, is estimated at 250—for the season, 500.

The Empire House is being remodeled, interiorly, under the supervision of P. N. RUST, its new Proprietor.

Messrs. Smith and Ketchum have just arrived from Central America, having abandoned their journey to California.

On account of the unfinished public works connected with the Erie Canal, it will not be opened till about the first of May. Otherwise, canal navigation might have commenced by the first of April.

The ferment in Canada is somewhat allayed. Nothing very tragical, is anticipated.

The Cholera has appeared on the Rio Grande.

The Whigs have elected their Mayor in N. Y. and Albany.

The Direct Railroad Bill has been defeated in the Senate.

The shock of an earthquake was felt at New Bedford, (Mass.), on Friday evening, March 30.

Hon. Henry Clay will deliver the address at the Agricultural Fair to be held at Cincinnati, next Fall.

A veteran soldier, Thomas Pennicook, aged 102 years, who was wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill, lately died in the Chichester poor-house, England. He lived there from choice.

A lady in Cincinnati lately knocked a man down for impertinence.

A survivor of the immortal Boston tea-party recently died in Maine.

The Plurality Bill was lost in the Massachusetts Senate by a large vote.

The Abolition of Slavery is being agitated in Tennessee.

The temporary insanity of Chas. F. Hoffman is said to have been caused by the use of strong cigars.

In Dutchess Co. the Grand Jury have presented the *liquor traffic* as a *nuisance*. Every twelfth person in the county is a pauper.

It is said that there has not been an infliction of capital punishment in Massachusetts for thirteen years.

An effort is being made for a railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The speech of Senator Geddes, in favor of the direct Railroad, is highly commended.

There is to be a convention in Ohio, for the purpose of drafting a new Constitution. Judicial reform, popular election, a liberal School System, and more direct legislation by the People, are the principal features contemplated.

It is said that the Siamese Twins intend making another tour.

Father Matthew is again intending to visit this country.

The Provisional Government of Rome has adopted the Italian colors,—red, green, and white—for the army of the Republic.

The largest nail factory in the world, is located at Niagara Falls.

A late vote in Vermont has given an immense majority against licensing liquor sellers.

THE LITERARY UNION.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Treatise on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene; designed for Colleges, Academies and Families. By Calvin Cutter, M. D., Boston; Mussey & Co. 1849.

This is a work of about 450 pages, and is intended as a text-book for advanced classes. To teachers who used Dr. Cutter's elementary work, it is only necessary to say that this embraces all the valuable features of that, and many others suitable to a large book. The numerous and excellent engravings, and admirable practical hints on health, cannot be too highly commended.—Having been acquainted with most of the popular treatises on Physiology, prepared within the last few years, we have no hesitation in recommending this one, *as now revised*, as the very best in use.

Accompanying the work, and adapted to it, are ten splendid charts, designed to supply the place of skeletons, manakins, &c., for those who cannot procure the latter. We will speak more fully of these at another time.

THE AMERICAN SPEAKER: being a collection of pieces in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogue, designed for exercises in declamation, or for occasional reading in schools. By Charles Northend, A. M. Syracuse: L. W. Hall.

The original plates of Mr. Northend's popular work having been destroyed by fire a new edition has been prepared, containing much additional matter, and replacing all those colloquial pieces found in the author's Book of Dialogues, with others equally good. We have no hesitation in saying that we think the value of the book much enhanced by this alteration. Excellent as were the first selections, the general character of the book is much elevated by the additions now made.

As might be expected from the high reputation of CHARLES NORTHEND, the selections evince a deep regard for the enlightened principles which govern the educational movements of the day.—War, and fashionable vices, form none of his themes for eulogy or admiration.

The work is already extensively used in the best eastern schools. In mechanical execution, it reflects great credit upon the liberal publisher and the city.

THE LITERARY AMERICAN is one of our most welcome weekly visitors, and one which we can cordially recommend to our friends. Its beauty of appearance, and literary merit, place it on a level with our monthlies. Its high moral tone deserves especial praise; and in this age of Police Reports, and Newgate Calenders, it is no small praise of a paper, to say, that a parent may place it in the hands of his children, without the fear of infecting them with moral poison. We are glad to see that the American is receiving the share of public patronage, which it so richly deserves. New York: G. P. QUACKENBOS, Editor and Proprietor. Terms \$3.00 per annum in advance.

EXCELSIOR. This is the title of one of the best papers which falls under our notice. The highest compliment we can give, is to say that we *read* it. It is the organ of the S. of T.

Boston: Stacy, Richardson & Co.

"Letters of Leisure," by N. P. Willis, will soon be published in N. Y.

THE CONCERTS.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of some to depreciate all musical entertainments not performed by artists with black faces. We do not object to people cultivating a taste for negro songs, if, by doing so, they increase their means of enjoyment or elevate the standard of music.—But we do deprecate this tendency to discourage performances whose merits consist more in natural expression or artistic skill, than stale jest and tortured grimaces.

The music of the HAUSERS is mostly natural, rather than intricate, and executed with fine taste and feeling. The voices are excellent, and the instruments, we suppose, well played. The singing of Miss Teresa, in particular, was much admired, for its expression and power.

The CAMPANALOGIANS performed on the bells with almost magical skill. One naturally tires of instrumental music sooner than vocal; yet our interest was sustained to the last.

The boys are remarkable also, for their skill on the violin.

The EMPIRE MINSTRELS are of the same order as the Campbells and Christys, and fully as good. The voices and execution were capital. We disliked only the buffoonery.

Mr. LAWRENCE's Concert, we should think, fully answered the expectations of his numerous friends. His execution upon the piano was brilliant, and the performance of his assistants, sustained the reputation they have gained in this city, as accomplished musicians. The ladies appeared and sung remarkably well, and were warmly applauded by the audience.

We are so unfashionable, as to dislike the intricate and labored *style* of the music selected; but of the *performance*, we must speak with unqualified admiration.

Our musical friends, who are in want of either instrument, musical works, or instruction, will find it for their interest to call at the store of Dickinson & Allen, on Salina Street, where they will be waited upon with the greatest politeness by a gentleman whom they would scarcely suspect, from his manner, to be always in a HOTTEN.

Amongst other works at the Book Stores, we have noticed a new edition of the Bigelow papers by James Russel Lowell. These are poetical satires, partly of a political, and partly of a moral character, and are surpassed by nothing of the kind that has ever appeared.

The author possesses a high order of genius, and the work shows him to be one of the progressive men of the age, who has yet a great work to perform, in demolishing venerable follies, and exposing venerable crimes. To be found at Wynkoops.

A very interesting volume has been published, in England, by Mr. Layard, giving an account of the exhumation of the ancient Nineveh. His labors seem to have been rewarded with surprising success, and the result must throw light upon the uncertain history of that city. We notice a resemblance between the statuary exhumed, and that of the ancient Mexicans.

Prof. Longfellow has in the press of Ticknor & Co., Boston, a poem, entitled "Kavanaugh," which will be out early in May.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage;
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic,
Frolic, not frantic,—
This must he be.
Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

QUADRUPLE PUN.

The late comedian, Finn, was once manager of a Boston Theatre. Previous to one of his benefit nights, he published the following:

Dear Public—you and I, of late
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you now a monstrous great
Quadruplicated pun!
Like a grate, full of coals, I'll glow,
A great, full house to see;
And if I am not grateful, too,
A great fool I must be!

BOOK-BINDING.—We have lately examined several specimens of binding from the establishment of McGlashan & Co., which, for beauty of finish, and apparent durability, are equal to the best of New York work. Mr. Focke has been engaged in some of the best establishments in the country, and pledges himself not to be surpassed either in the quality or cheapness of his work.

We may esteem ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having with us such excellent workmen as Messrs McGlashan and Focke; for it is generally the case, that persons having nice books to bind, are obliged to send them to the larger cities, or see them put up in such unsightly covers, as would set a Christian's teeth on edge to look at.

ALTERED BANK NOTES.—We have been shown a bank note purporting to be of the denomination of ten dollars upon the Bank of Salina, altered from a one; it is admirably done, and well calculated to deceive those not very well acquainted with the bills of that Bank. The sure detection may be, the ones are all made payable to Thomas McCarthy, and the tens to H. Baldwin, both engraved on the bill.—*Standard*.

How to Extract Teeth.

THE Wheeling Times gives the following account of tooth raising which appears to be both novel and effective.

An individual of this town, while desparate under the toothache, resolved on the summary method of blowing up his refractory grinder. It was an immense masticator—having an excavation equal, in the extent, to the cavity of a gun-barrel. With the assistance of his helpmate, he dried out the cavity—filled it with gunpowder—pounded in a wad of cotton, and with a red-hot knitting-needle, set fire to the mine; when a most tremendous explosion took place. The jaw bone was rent in twain; the offending tooth demolished, and with it three others, against which there was no cause of complaint. The poor man found himself prostrated on the floor, minus four teeth, besides having his face much burnt."

Education.**PHYSICAL EDUCATION.**

BY HORACE MANN, IN 1849.

MODERN science has made nothing more certain, than that both good and ill health are direct results of causes, mainly within our own control. In other words, the health of the race is dependent upon the conduct of the race. The health of the individual is determined first, by his parents; second, by himself. The vigorous growth of the body, its strength and its activity, its powers of endurance, and its length of life, on the one hand; and dwarfishness, sluggishness, infirmity, and premature death, on the other, are all the subjects of unchangeable laws. These laws are ordained of God; but the knowledge of them is left to our diligence, and the observance of them to our free agency. These laws are very few; they are so simple that all can understand them, and so beautiful that the pleasure of contemplating them, even independent of their utility, is a tenfold reward for all the labor of their acquisition. The laws, I repeat, are few. The circumstances, however, under which they are to be applied, are exceedingly various and complicated. These circumstances embrace the almost infinite varieties of our daily life;—exercise and rest; sleeping and watching; eating, drinking, and abstinence; the affections and passions; exposure to vicissitude of temperature, to dryness and humidity, to the effluvia and exhalations of dead animal and decaying vegetable matter;—in fine, they embrace all cases where excesses, indiscretions, or exposures, may induce disease; or where exercise, temperance, cleanliness, and pure air, may avert it. Hence it would be wholly impossible to write out any code of “Rules and Regulations,” applicable to all cases. So, too, the occasions for applying the laws to new circumstances recur so continually that no man can have a Mentor at his side, in the form of a physician or physiologist, to direct his conduct in new emergencies. Even the most favored individual, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, must prescribe for himself. And hence the uncompromising necessity that all children should be instructed in these laws; and not only instructed, but that they should receive such a *training*, during the whole course of pupilage, as to enlist the mighty forces of habit on the side of obedience; and that their judgment also should be so developed and matured that they will be able to discriminate between different combinations of circumstances, and to adapt, in each case, the regimen to the exigency. * * * *

Now it is beyond all question, that, with the rarest exceptions, every child in the Commonwealth may be induced with this intelligence; and, what is equally important, trained to conforming personal habits. Enlightened by knowledge, and impelled by the force of early and long-continued habit, he would not only see the reasonableness of adapting his regimen to his condition in the varying circumstances of life, but he would feel a personal interest in doing so, as men now feel a personal interest in procuring the gratifications of money or of power. Habit and knowledge will coincide; they will draw in the same direction; they will not be antagonists, as is now so generally the case with those adult men

who acquire sound knowledge after bad habits have been enthroned,—the blind force of the latter spurning all the arguments and warnings of the former. This work may be mainly done, during the period of non-age, or before children are emancipated from parental control. Let a child wash himself all over every morning, for sixteen years, and he will as soon go without his breakfast as his bath. This is but a specimen of the effect of a long-continued observance of Nature’s “Health Regulations.”

Not only will a general knowledge of Human Physiology, or the Laws of Health, do much to supersede the necessity of a knowledge of Pathology, or the Laws of Disease; but the former is as much better than the latter as prevention is better than remedy;—as much better as all the comforts and securities of an unburnt dwelling are, than two thirds of its value in money from the insurance office. A general diffusion of physiological knowledge will save millions annually to the State. It will gradually revolutionize many of the absurd customs and usages of society,—conforming them more and more to the rules of reason and true enjoyment, and withdrawing them more and more from the equally vicious extremes of barbarism and of artificial life. It will restrain the caprices and follies of Fashion, in regard to dress and amusement, and subordinate its ridiculous excesses to the laws of health and decency. It will reproduce the obliterated lines that once divided day and night. It will secure cleanliness and purity, more intimate and personal than any the laundress can supply. It will teach men “to eat that they may live, instead of living that they may eat.” * * * *

Every intelligent man deplores the almost universal condition of our dwelling houses and public edifices, which have been built without regard to the necessities of the human system for pure air. Were Physiology universally understood, no man would think of erecting a mansion, without an apparatus for its thorough ventilation, at all times, any more than without windows for the admission of light. Apertures and flues for the ingress and egress of air, into and from sitting-rooms and sleeping-rooms, are as necessary to the architectural idea of a well-finished house, as nasal orifices are to the anatomical idea of a man; and a dwelling without the means of ventilation is as incomplete and as unsightly as a man without a nose. A knowledge of this science would establish a new standard of beauty,—the classic standard of the Greeks, in which strength was a primary and indispensable element;—and it would demonstrate the unspeakable folly and guilt of those matrimonial alliances, where hereditary disease, and even insanity itself, are wedded, and the health, mind, and happiness, of a family of children are sacrificed, for the mercenary object of a dowry. * * * *

My general conclusion, then, under this head, is, that it is the duty of all governing minds in society—whether in office or out of it—to diffuse a knowledge of these beautiful and beneficent laws of health and life, throughout the length and breadth of the State;—to popularize them; to make them, in the first place, the common acquisition of all, and, through education and custom, the common inheritance of all; so that the healthful hab-

its naturally growing out of their observance, shall be inbred in the people; exemplified in the personal regimen of each individual; incorporated into the economy of every household; observable in all private dwellings, and in all public edifices, especially in those buildings which are erected by capitalists for the residence of their work-people, or for renting to the poorer classes; obeyed, by supplying cities with pure water; by providing public baths, public walks, and public squares; by rural cemeteries; by the drainage and sewerage of populous towns, and in whatever else may promote the general salubrity of the atmosphere;—in fine, by a religious observance of all those sanitary regulations with which modern science has blessed the world.

For this thorough diffusion of sanitary intelligence, the COMMON SCHOOL is the only agency. It is, however, an adequate agency. Let Human Physiology be introduced as an indispensable branch of study into our Public Schools; let no teacher be approved who is not master of its leading principles, and of their applications to the varying circumstances of life; let all the older classes in the schools be regularly and rigidly examined upon this study by the school committees, and a speedy change would come over our personal habits, over our domestic usages, and over the public arrangements of society. Temperance and moderation would not be such strangers at the table. Fashion, like European sovereigns, if not compelled to abdicate and fly, would be forced to compromise for the continued possession of her throne, by the surrender to her subjects of many of their natural rights. A sixth order of architecture would be invented, —the Hygienic,—which, without subtracting at all from the beauty of any other order, would add a new element of utility to them all. The “Health Regulations” of cities would be issued in a revised code,—a code that would bear the scrutiny of science. And, as the result and reward of all, a race of men and women, loftier in stature, firmer in structure, fairer in form, and better able to perform the duties and bear the burdens of life, would revisit the earth. The minikin specimens of the race, who now go on dwindling and tapering from parent to child, would re-ascend to manhood and womanhood. Just in proportion as the laws of health and life were discovered and obeyed, would pain, disease, insanity, and untimely death, cease from among men. Consumption would remain; but it would be consumption in the active sense.

Edward Everett, on Public Schools.

A good system of Common School Education is, next to religious influences, the great and solid foundation of a prosperous State.—I owe, myself, a large debt of gratitude to the Public School; although, fifty years ago, they were in a very different condition from what they now are. My education began at the Free Schools of my native village of Dorchester, (for village it then was) and of this, [Boston] the beloved city of my adoption. The first distinction which crowned my humble career, was the Franklin medal, at the reading school in North Bennett street, when I was not much higher than that table; and if my tongue is silent when it ought to speak the praises of the Common Schools of Massachusetts, may it never be heard in favor of any other cause.”

Agriculture.

On Transplanting Trees.

We must have a little familiar conversation, this month, on the subject of Transplanting Trees. Our remarks will be intended, of course, for the uninitiated; not for those who have grown wise with experience.

That there is a difficulty in transplanting trees the multitude of complaints and inquiries which beset us, most abundantly prove.—That it is, on the other hand, a very simple process, the uniform success of skilful cultivators, as fully establishes.

The difficulty then, lies of course, in a want of knowledge, on the part of the unsuccessful practitioner. This kind of knowledge may be stated, broadly under two heads, viz: ignorance of the organization of trees, and ignorance of the necessity of feeding them.

The first point is directly the most important, for the process of transplanting is founded upon it. Since this art virtually consists in removing, by violence, a tree from one spot to another, it is absolutely necessary to know how much violence we may use without defeating the ends in view. A common soldier will, with his sword, cut off a man's limb, in such a manner that he takes his life away with it. A skilful surgeon will do the same thing, in order to *preserve* life. There are, also, manifestly two ways of transplanting trees.

That the *vital principle* is a wonderful and mysterious power, even in plants, it cannot be denied. But because certain trees, as poplars and willows, have enough of this power to enable pieces of them to grow, when stuck into the ground, like walking sticks, without roots, it does not follow that all other trees will do the same. There are some animals which swallow prussic acid with impunity; but it is a dangerous experiment for all other animals. What we mean to suggest, therefore, is, that he who would be a successful planter, must have almost religious respect for the roots of trees. He must look upon them as the collectors of revenue, the wardens of the ports, the great viaducts, of all solids and fluids that enter into the system of growth and verdure, which constitutes the tree proper. Oh, if one could only teach hewers of "taproots," and drawers of "laterals," the value of the whole system of roots; everything, in short, that looks like, and is a *radicle*; then would nine-tenths of the difficulty of transplanting be quite overcome, and the branches might be left pretty much to themselves!

Now a tree, to be perfectly transplanted, ought to be taken up with its whole system of roots entire. Thus removed and carefully replanted, at the proper dormant season, it need not suffer a loss of the smallest bough, and it would scarcely feel its removal. Such things are done every year, with this result, by clever and experienced gardeners. We have seen apple trees, large enough to bear a couple of bushels of fruit, which were removed a dozen miles, in the autumn, and made a luxuriant growth, and bore a fine crop the next season. But the workman who handled them had gone to the root of the business he undertook,

The fact, however, cannot be denied, that in common practice, there are very few such perfect workmen. Trees (especially in the nurseries,) are often taken up in haste at a loss of a third, or even sometimes half of their roots, and when received by the transplanters, there is nothing to be done but make the best of it.

In order to do this, we must look a little in advance in order to understand the philosophy of growth. In a few words, then, it may be assumed, that in a healthy tree there is an exact "balance of power" between the roots and the branches. The first may be said to represent the stomach, and the second the lungs and perspiratory system. The first collects food for the tree, the other elaborates and prepares this food. You can, therefore, no more make a violent attack upon the roots without the leaves and branches suffering harm by it, than you can greatly injure the stomach of an animal without disturbing the vital action of all the rest of the system.

In trees and plants, perhaps, this proportional independence is still greater. For instance, the leaves, and even the bark of a tree, continually act as the perspiratory system of that tree. Every clear day, in a good sized tree, they give off many pounds weight of fluid matter—being the more watery portion of the element absorbed by the roots. Now it is plain, that if you destroy, in transplanting, one-third of the roots of a tree, you have, as soon as the leaves expand, a third more lungs than you keep in action. The perspiration is vastly beyond what the roots can make good; and unless the subject is one of great vitality, or the weather is such as to keep down perspiration by constant dampness, the leaves must flag, and the tree partly or wholly perish.

The remedy, in cases where you must plant a tree whose roots have been mutilated, is (after carefully paring off the ends of the wounded roots, to enable them to heal more speedily,) to restore the "balance of power" by bringing down the perspiratory system, in other words, the branches, to a corresponding state; that is to say, in theory, if your tree has lost a fourth of its roots, take off an equal amount of its branches.

This is the correct *theory*. The *practice*, however, differs with the climate where transplanting takes place. This is evident, if we remember that the perspiration is governed by the amount of sunshine and dry air. The more of these, the greater the demand made for the moisture on the roots. Hence the reason why delicate cuttings strike root readily under a bell glass, and why transplanting is as easy as sleeping in rainy weather. In England, therefore, it is much easier to transplant large trees than on the continent, or in this country; so easy, that Sir Henry Stewart made parks of fifty feet trees with his transplanting machine, almost as easily and as quickly as Captain Bragg makes a park of artillers. But he who tries this sort of fancy work in the bright sun-shine of the United States, will find that it is like undertaking to besiege Gibraltar with cross bows. The trees start into leaf, and all promises well; but unless under very favorable circumstances, the leaves beggar the roots, by their demands for more sap, before August is half over.

We mean to be understood, therefore, that we think it safest in practice, in this part of the world, when you are about to plant a tree deprived of part of its roots, to reduce the branches a little *below* this same proportion. To reduce them to precisely an equal proportion, would preserve the balance, if the ground about the roots could be kept uniformly moist. But with the chances of its becoming partially dry at times, you must guard against the leaves flagging, by diminishing their number at the first start. As every leaf and branch, made after *growth* fairly commences, will be accompanied simultaneously by new roots, the same will then be provided for as a matter of course.

The neatest way of reducing the top of a tree, in order not to destroy its natural symmetry, is to *shorten-back* the young growth of the previous season. We know a most successful planter who always, under all circumstances, shortens-back, the previous year's wood, on transplanting, to one bud; that is, he cuts off the whole summer's growth down to a plump bud, just above the previous year's wood. But this is not always necessary. A few inches, (where the growth has been a foot or more,) will usually be all that is necessary. It is only necessary to watch the growth of a transplanted tree, treated in this way, with one of the same kind unpruned; to compare the clean, vigorous new shoots, that will be made the first season by the former, with the slender and feeble ones of the latter, to be perfectly convinced of the value of the practice of shortening in transplanting trees.—*The Horticulturist.*

Work for April.

TENDER grapes and raspberries, should have their winter covering removed; strawberry beds cleaned and dressed,—and new beds set out; raspberries pruned and tied to stakes, if not already done; cuttings of grapes, gooseberries, currants, and quinces, put out; the seeds of all fruit trees as speedily sown as possible,—the cherry first, then apples, pears and plums, and lastly peaches; fruit trees transplanted as soon as the ground will admit, transplanting the hardiest trees first; seedlings for stocks, and all root-grafted trees should be transplanted; if the work be late, dip all the roots in mud before setting out, and the danger will be greatly lessened, and the growth unchecked.—J. J. THOMAS.

Hints for Spring.

Strawberries.—No other valuable fruit can be raised so easily. An acre has produced a hundred bushels in a season. If planted early in the Spring, they will bear a crop the first year. They require good corn land; a soil deep and strong, but not too rich.

Transplanting.—If your tree or shrub is dried too much, not plunge it in water, but moisten the roots, cut away the branches severely, and bury the whole tree in the ground for three or four days.

Shade Trees.—There are few men whose friends will build them a monument so honorable or so durable as he builds for himself who plants a shade-elm or maple.

Shrub Fruit.—Your crops of currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, will improve if you dig up the old plants once in three or four years, and plant young bushes.

Arts.

From the American Artisan.

Coccinella, Coccus Caoti, or Cochineal.

Cochineal is the dried body of an hemipterous insect. It is brought to us chiefly from Mexico, where it lies on the leaves of a non-descript Cactus. There are two kinds of the cochineal insect, living on different species of the same family of plants; there is a kind called wild cochineal, (*Crana Sylvestra*) which is covered with a cotton-like envelope, and is found, not only in Mexico, but also in New-Grenada, Quito, and Peru. This is less valuable than the true Mexican, or powdery cochineal, which has no such covering, grows to a large size and furnishes a fine and permanent color. The wild cochineal, however, when it is bred on the same species of plant as the true cochineal feeds on, loses in part, the tenacity and quantity of its cotton, and attains to double its natural size. The true or fine cochineal (*grava fina, or mesxue,*) as it is sometimes termed, from the name of a province in Mexico, where it abounds, has been found, it is said, in South Carolina; and Mr. Raphael Peal of Philadelphia, reports that he discovered it upon the Island of Little St. Simons, on the coast of Georgia. In these two localities the insect breeds on the Cactus coccinelifer. This should be a hint to Southern Planters, as they might find the cultivation of this plant and the breeding of the Coccus a valuable source of revenue, when from vicissitudes of season, their crops of rice and cotton should fail. Dr. Gardner, however describes the insect found in the Southern States, as the wild cochineal, and says the same species, is found in Jamaica.—The cochineal of St. Domingo, carried thither from Mexico with the plant it feeds on, by Thieri de Menonville, was originally the wild insect, but it has become greatly improved by the care taken in breeding it upon that Island.

The female insect, only, is used as an article of commerce, and differs greatly from the male in appearance. Its body is flattened on the under side and hemispherical on the upper. Its back is marked with transverse wrinkles; color a dull brown, mouth an awl-shaped point, which issues from the cavity of the thorax; legs, six, very short brown; wings none. The male has the body much elongated, of a deep red color, covered with two wings, extending horizontally and crossing a little on the back. Its legs are longer than those of the female, and it has two small antennae. Its flight is not continuous, but always appears to be fluttering about, hopping on its legs but rarely. This insect is both oviporous and viviparous. As soon as the young females are hatched or born, they disperse themselves upon the joints of the Cactus, where they remain fixed by their proboscis till the end of their lives.

During the rainy season, the Mexicans preserve these insects, with the succulent leaves to which they are attached, in their houses; and when the rainy season is over, they are transferred to the living plants. Sometimes the fecundated mothers are transported to the mountains, where they are suffered to remain till October, when the rains cease in the plains and commence in the mountains.

Two months after the mothers kept in reserve have been sown on the plants, young insects are seen to issue from them; this is the moment when the crops should be gathered. They are killed by throwing them into hot water. Plates of hot iron, and stones are sometimes used, but the cochineals are apt to be injured in this way by too great heat being employed.

After they are taken out of the water, they are carefully dried in open sunshine, and they lose nearly two thirds of their weight in this process. When dry, the fine cochineal is separated from *bourres (downs)*, and cotton of the larvae of the males by sifting.

The fine cochineal when well dried and well preserved, should be of a grey color, bordering on purple. The grey is owing to the powder of that color which naturally covers it, and of which a little adheres. The purple shade arises from the color extracted by the water in which the insects were killed. It is not impaired by being kept any length of time, in a dry place. Hellot tried some that had been kept 130 years, and it was just as good as new cochineal. From a very remote period, laws have existed to prevent the adulteration of this substance, and in order that any attempt at the adulteration of it might the more easily be detected, it is ordered to be exposed for sale in separate grains, and not in agglutinated masses. 800,000 pounds are annually exported to Europe, and each pound contains, at least, 70,000 insects.

It is said that it is invariably adulterated with pieces of dough moulded into the proper form and cooled with the cochineal. By throwing the suspected sample into water, the spurious grains will be dissolved and the extent of the adulteration will thus be ascertained.

From their appearance when brought to us, these insects were for a long time supposed to be the seed of some plant. Their taste is acid, bitterish, and astringent. They are used chiefly for the sake of the fine color, which they produce, and are principally consumed by the scarlet dyers. In pharmacy they are employed to give a beautiful color to some tinctures. The color is easily extracted, either by water alcohol or water of ammonia. In medicine, cochineal has recently been used, and with marked success as an anodyne and anti-spasmodic in whooping cough.

The decoction of cochineal is of a crimson hue inclining to violet.

A small quantity of sulphuric acid causes this decoction to assume a red color verging on yellow; and a precipitate of a fine red color is formed.

The solution of tartar changes the liquor to a yellowish-red. A pale red precipitate is slowly formed. The supernatant liquor remains yellow; on pouring into it a little alkali it takes a purple hue. The alkali quickly dissolves the small precipitate, and the solution is purple. A solution of tin forms a rose precipitate with the yellow liquor.

Solution of alum clears up the color of the infusion, giving it a redder tint. A crimson precipitate falls, and the supernatant liquid retains a crimson color, slightly reddish.

The mixture of alum and tartar produces a brighter color, more lively, inclining to yellowish-red.

Advantage of Method.

A man has twenty or thirty letters and packets to carry to their several destinations; but instead of arranging them before hand, and putting all addressed to the same neighborhood in a parcel, he crams the whole into a promiscuous bag. He delivers one letter in one place, proceeds to a remote point with a second, retraces his steps before he can deliver a third, returns to repair an omission, and then performs a transit which might have been saved altogether by a little forethought.—Thus it requires two days to perform the business of one. The man who has thoroughly mastered the lesson—"a place for everything and everything in its place," will save a world of time. He loses no leisure seeking for the unanswered letter or the lost receipt; he does not need to travel the same road twice, and hence it is that some of the busiest men have the least of a busy look. Instead of slamming doors and knocking over children in their headlong hurry, they move about deliberately and carefully, without any expression of haste, anxiety, and tumult; for they have made their calculations, and know they have ample time to fulfill every duty and every engagement.—Those who live without a plan never have any leisure, for their work is never done, never can be done properly, because the end and the right way to it have not been discerned and pursued without deviations from the beginning.

A Classical Rebuke.

ONE evening, a short time since, Professor Wines advertised a gratuitous lecture at Newark, on the theory of the Government. At the hour of commencement, the audience being very small, the Professor administered the following neat, classical, and pungent rebuke.

"Plato, when delivering lectures in Athens, sometimes had Aristotle for his only hearer; on which occasion he was accustomed to proceed with his lecture as usual, remarking that when he had Aristotle, for a hearer, he had the better half of Athens. On the same principle, I may congratulate myself on my audience, this evening."

It is a fact, that many of the best standard productions were delivered to almost empty halls. When Handel was alive, many of his pieces were performed before very thin audiences. On such occasions, the great musician used good humorously to observe "Never mind; the music will sound all the better."

THE FOOT OF THE CELT.—You may bend the foot of the Celt into every graceful attitude—the yellow elastic ligament will allow it—the joints, muscles, blood vessels, and nerves, will admit of every possible position: follow that foot through all daring acts of the revolution: over the barricades it passes with all the quickness of thought—it is related to the mind, its director; grief hops off the mind with as much forgetfulness as the foot hops off the flag; all the sad and frightful events of life, when once slept over, appear forgotten, and a new era opens on this man, so he bounds forward for "Liberty, equality, and fraternity!"—Dr. Tuthill Massy.

Political.**POSTAL REFORM. No II.**

OUR writer thus approaches the next division of his subject:

"The other feature of the proposed reform which most alarms conservatism is the free delivery, at people's dwellings, of all stamped or prepaid letters. It was equally alarming, when first proposed in England; but you would as soon make John Bull give up a clause of Magna Charta, as attempt now to take away the privilege of free delivery of letters at houses and places of business."

"The best way to show what would be the advantages of free delivery in large towns, is to set forth the actual working of the system elsewhere. In London there is a general post-office, into which are received and mailed *one hundred and fifty million letters* yearly, or nearly five hundred thousand every day.

"A million letters! it is very easily written or spoken, but does the reader get any adequate idea of the number? Did you ever send out a hundred notes of invitation, to be delivered at houses in different parts of the city? Try it, and you will find that it will keep one man trotting from sun to sun, even in a densely peopled place like Boston; but extend his circle to twelve miles, and scatter the letters over it, and it would take him much longer. Now give the poor fellow a million letters on the day that he comes of age, and send him to deliver them at the rate of a hundred a day, and it will take him *twenty-seven years to do it!* Yes! he will be about fifty years old, before he has delivered the last one, without having had leisure time to propose and to get married! and a large proportion of the people addressed will have died before the letters reach their dwellings.

"Now let us see how the mailing and distributing of a million of letters is done in London. In order to simplify the matter, suppose there are a hundred thousand letters per day. One way to distribute them would be that which we adopt; a hundred thousand men and boys would trot to the general post office, in the morning, to deposit their letters; and the hundred thousand persons to whom they are directed would come to get them, while fifty or a hundred thousand more would come to see if there were any for them, and go away empty-handed. Thus there would be three hundred thousand persons spending their time, and most of them travelling several miles to and fro, about one hundred thousand letters. But the way actually adopted in London is, to let the three hundred thousand persons stay at home and mind their business, and to employ a small number of active men on horseback and on foot, to gather up the letters, bring them to certain central points, and send them out again according to their several directions.

"It costs us in Boston more time, more labor, and therefore more money, to send a note from one part of the city to another, from the North end to the South end, than it does to send a letter to New York, or even to New Orleans. We must have a messenger, who must run two miles and spend some time, perhaps, in finding the place; he must then run back again; and our friend, when he has got his

answer ready, must employ not only another pair of legs, but the body, arms, and head, all the powers, in short of a human being, for the safe conduct of a single little bit of paper.—In London there is ever silently at work a vast machinery, which picks up a hundred thousand letters and brings back a hundred thousand answers, more swiftly, more surely, and more cheaply than we send a single thousand.

"There are many benefits arising from the method of free delivery at houses, which we have not time to dwell on; but we must allude to one, and that is, the advantage to the poor and humble, especially to timid females, who are now deterred from keeping up a correspondence with friends by the difficulties attendant upon the delivery of letters. They are often obliged to go a half a dozen times, and make vain inquiries at the post-office.—They must often go in bad weather; they are liable to detention, to rudeness, and to a thousand vexations.

"Suppose our rich men were obliged to go and linger in the crowd, and push and be pushed, and struggle up to the post-office window, and pay out their specie for every letter; and suppose their wives and daughters should have to do as the poor milliners and sewing women must do,—go day after day to the most public place in the city, and work their way through a bustling crowd up to a pigeon-hole in a wall, and cling on to it with their hands, for fear of being pushed aside ere the pert clerk had looked at them long enough to see whether they were young or old, fair or ugly, before deciding with how much quickness and care he should look for their letters. Let rich and refined ladies have to do and suffer what poor and humble women have to do and suffer, in order to mail and receive their letters; and we should have a post-office reform right speedily."

We have necessarily omitted a large part of his argument, in order to bring out the following:—

"We cannot close, however, without alluding to one benignant feature which we discover already in the misty future; and that is, **AN OCEAN CENT POSTAGE!**

"Millions of men have torn themselves from the land of their birth, and the homes of their youth, and planted themselves in America.—The heartstrings, however, are not like the tree's roots; they will stretch around the globe without breaking; and thoughts and affections will fly from end to end quicker than the lightning flashes along the wire. But parted hearts must have more than thoughts and wishes to satisfy their yearnings; there must be words and signs of love. Then Mammon looks on, and says, 'Lo! these millions here would send messages to those millions there; let us carry them and make great gain thereon.' So his servant, Commerce, says to the people, 'I will take your merchandise cheaply; I will carry a hundred pounds of paper across the Atlantic for a dollar; but if the sheets of that paper are inscribed with any messages of love or business, you must pay me *four hundred dollars*, though the weight be not an ounce greater.' And, moreover, when those sheets are landed, the government, that would have charged but one dollar duty for the whole, while they remained blank paper, now that they are

made pregnant by the pen with thought and feeling, straightway lays upon them a tax of *six hundred dollars*.*

"For a hundred pounds of blank paper two dollars; for a hundred pounds of letters one thousand dollars! such is the spirit of to-day.

"Now how does hope whisper to us that it will be by and by, when our population reaches a hundred millions? Our country, lying as it were in the great pathway of the nations around the globe, with two hundred million Europeans on the right hand, and five hundred million Asiatics on the left, will be the center of a mighty intercourse among men. Then will swift steamers arrive and depart daily from either shore, scouring the Atlantic and the Pacific. Then may the German mother, on the banks of the Rhine, receive, by help of telegraph and steam, tidings from her son, on the banks of the Missouri, in a week. Then there will be a Universal Post, established not in the spirit of rivalry or of gain, but in the spirit of enlightened wisdom, that will strive to multiply and to strengthen all the bonds of Christian union in the great human family; and that will no more put a tax upon letters than upon school-houses or upon churches."

*This calculation is based upon the old rate of six cents for ship letters. If letters are sent by mail across the Atlantic, the *minimum* price is twenty-five cents, owing, however, to disgraceful squabbles between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. Even this privilege is now suspended, and we have inland postage added.

Worth and the World.

Some forty years ago, the yellow fever raged in New-York. The wife forsook her husband, the mother fled from her child; consternation prevailed in every quarter, and all who could leave the city did so; but there was one man who remained through the whole scene. He shunned not the infected district, but where the dying lay he was to be found. He held the cup to the parched lip when relatives had forsaken the sufferer—he spent his whole time in the midst of the sick and the dying. The suffering he relieved, and the dead he bore on his shoulders to their last resting-place. He escaped the contagion and lived to be an old man. He died in the almshouse—no friendly hand was there to close his eyes—no mourner was at his bier. The rough boards held his venerable remains, and a beggar's tomb received his worn out body. Thus the world serves its benefactors.—*N. Y. Star.*

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—The North American says, "There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Author of our being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration. Man is strong: woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident: woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action: woman in suffering. Man shines abroad: woman at home. Man talks to convince: woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart: woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery: woman relieves it. Man has science: woman taste. Man has judgment: woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice: woman an angel of mercy."

News.

England.

The Navigation Laws are still warmly discussed in Parliament.

President Taylor's Inaugural has been received with great interest and respect.

The Canadian disturbances excite anxiety.

Mr. Macaulay has been duly installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

Apprehensions are felt that Russia meditates the subjugation of Turkey.

Ireland.

Strong efforts are being made to prevent further proceedings against Gavan Duffy.

There are fears of another outbreak in the North.

It is rumored that Lord Lieutenant Clarendon, who has gone to London, intends proposing important measures for relieving the country. It is thought that an amnesty will be granted to all the state prisoners, on condition of their giving security for future allegiance.

Mrs. Mitchell intends going to the Cape of Good Hope, with her five children, for the purpose of being nearer her husband.

The Cholera has appeared in the South and West.

France.

The elections will take place on the 13th of May, and the new Assembly meet on the 27th. All shades of monarchists seem to have coalesced on one side, while the more liberal factions, including the Sincere Republicans, are uniting in opposition.

M. Proudhon has suffered an attack of apoplexy.

Stocks continually improve.

Two of the assassins of Gen. Brea have been executed—the remainder imprisoned.

In the Assembly, the bill for the suppression of the Clubs has created great excitement.

The insurgent trials at Bourges were in progress.

A special envoy has been dispatched to Vienna, to induce the Austrians to forego any intention of entering Italy.

Another has been sent to Turin, for the purpose of persuading Charles Albert to remain quiet. But it is rumored that France will support the Prince, in case of an intervention by Russia, in favor of Austria.

An envoy from the Magyars has arrived in Paris, on his way to London.

Many of the Polish refugees have left for Turin, to take part in the expected struggles.

President Bonaparte seems gaining in influence.

The Cholera has been decided, by a conference of Physicians, to be in Paris.

Spain.

It is said that an armed intervention in favor of the Pope, has been determined on.

An insurrection in Madrid is expected. Precautions are taken to suppress it.

Italy.

Preparations are being made at Rome for war. It is reported that the Austrians have evacuated Como.

The difficulties between Naples and Sicily are not settled.

Charles Albert has placed himself at the head

of the Piedmontese army, and made a proclamation.

Marshal Radetski, upon leaving Milan, carried away three millions of francs, and the Iron Crown.

Austria.

The funds have risen upon the promulgation of the new Constitution.

The Assembly has been dissolved.

A special decree of the Constitution, relating to the Austrian states, guarantees,—

The equality of all sects:

Freedom of the Press:

The establishment of a system of free education:

The right of petition: and,

Freedom from arbitrary arrests and imprisonments.

The rights of all the states and races are guaranteed.

UNIVERSAL RIGHTS.—The 3d Chapter declares that there is to be no distinction in rights between any of the nations constituting the empire; that there is to be no restraint on personal movements within the empire; that all feudal bondage or personal subjection is perpetually abolished; that all slaves entering Austrian territories or Austrian ships are to become free; that all citizens are equal before the law, and are alike capable of filling public offices; that all citizens can reside and acquire property in any country of the empire; and that henceforth property can only be sold or divided in freehold, without reserving dues, labor or quit-rents, or other permanent burdens.

The Emperor has proposed to France and England a Congress, on European affairs, of all the nations who were parties to the treaty of 1815; the same which the Emperor of Russia has declared to be his rule.

The contest in Hungary continues with doubtful success.

Preparations are supposed to be making for an Italian invasion.

Russia.

The Czar has issued a Ukase, forbidding any petitions from official departments, for an increase of salary, for the reason that extraordinary resources will be required for the consolidation of the army, the whole of which is to be placed on the footing of war.

A fleet has been ordered to sail for the Ostsee.

Soldiers are occupying the Wallachian Provinces.

Prussia and Denmark.

In the Upper Chamber, Prussia, on the 15th inst., it was announced by the President of the Ministry, that 12,000 Prussian troops had been required by the central power, and were ready to march, to prevent the entrance of the enemy into Schleswig. The Government would, however, do all in its power to maintain peace. It is stated in a Berlin paper that the Prussian troops intended for Schleswig would enter the capital on the 17th, and would halt there during the 18th and 19th.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Danes, for carrying on the war, both by land and sea.

It is rumored that the armistice has been renewed for three months.

Germany.

The greatest excitement still prevails at Frankfurt, Berlin and Vienna, on the probable result of the vote on the motion of Deputy Welcker, to confer the imperial crown on the King of Prussia

with hereditary rights. All eyes are turned on Berlin. The King of Prussia will doubtless refuse it; if he accepted it, war with Austria would be the inevitable result.

Norway.

The cholera is making great ravages among the fishermen along the coast.

India.

The English remain inactive. Lord Gough is waiting for reinforcements.

China.

Disturbances with the English are anticipated in April.

South American Republics.

The news of the appearance of Cholera at Panama, has produced a great sensation at Santa Martha and Cartagena.

The death of our Minister to Bogota is announced.

The revolution in Venezuela has terminated in favor of Monagas.

William Pitt.

Pitt was tall and thin, with a gloomy, sneering expression. His language was cold, his intonation monotonous, his gestures passionless: yet the lucidness and fluency of his ideas, and his logical reasoning, illuminated by sudden flashes of eloquence, made his abilities something extraordinary. I saw Pitt pretty often, as he walked across St. James' Park, from his house, on his way to the King. George III., on his side, had perhaps just arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer from pewter pots with the farmers of the neighborhood; he crossed the ugly court-yard of his ugly palace in a dark carriage, followed by a few horse-guards; this was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six merchants are the masters of India.

Pitt, in a black coat and brass-hilted sword, with his hat under his arm, went up stairs, two or three steps at a time; on his way he only saw a few idle emigres, and glancing disdainfully at us, passed on with a pale face and head thrown back. This great financier maintained no order in his own house; he had no regular hours for his meals nor his sleep.—Plunged in debt, he paid nothing, and could not make up his mind to add up a bill. A valet managed his household affairs. Ill-dressed, without pleasure, without passion, eager for power alone, he despised honors, and would be nothing but William Pitt. Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country house, in the month of June, 1822; and on his way thither, pointed out to me the small house where died, in poverty, the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who brought all Europe into his pay, and distributed with his own hands all the millions of the earth.—*Memoirs of Chateaubriand.*

An Eloquent Figure.

THE Mecklenburg Jeffersonian says—"Like one of those wondrous rocking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its centre, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, our Constitution is so nicely poised and balanced, that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, yet so firmly rooted in the heart and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain."

**PROSPECTUS OF
THE LITERARY UNION.**

The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is PROGRESS.

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty lisings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative, miscalled "Cheap Literature," on the other, spiced with the bitter bigotry of all kinds of partisanship, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions. But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind!

To furnish the Public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, shall be our effort; to wean its taste from a false and demoralizing Literature, our high aim. We shall labor specially to elevate the rising generation; the "Young America," so soon to wield the destinies of the first nation on earth.

In thus advancing the great interests of a National Literature, we shall be aided by numbers of our best writers. The Farmer, the Mechanic and the Teacher, will each find his vocation elevated by the aid of their special handmaid, Science. The Fine Arts will be prominently noticed. The learned Professions, with the great principles of Religion and Politics, will receive the attention they deserve. In each of these departments, practical men will devote time and labor to the enterprise.

We would fit our paper particularly for the Domestic Circle. Poetry of the first order—gems of History, Biography and Fiction—the cream of general news, with a rigid analysis of its correctness and tendencies—these, all seasoned with a sprinkling of Humor, we hope to make productive of equal pleasure and improvement.

To our country-women, we would say, that we regard their sex as the great instructors of the race, and shall strive with all our energies, to assist them in this work. While we would not have them emulate the madness of their *soi-disant* lords, in the battle field, or in the broils of the Senate-house, we would encourage their aspirations to every attribute of intelligence and refinement.

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FLOUR AND MEAL.		
Flour per bbl	\$5 62½	75
Meal	1 lb	1 1-4
Feed bushel	10a16	do per cwt.
" fine	28	5 00a5 50
Buckwheat flour cwt	\$2 00	Beef Mess bbl
		12 00
		Beef prime bbl
		8 00
		do per cwt.
		4 00a5 00
		Hams lb
		6 1-4a7
Wheat per bu	1 12	Shoulders lb
Corn	47	Lard lb
Rye	50	Butter lb
Barley	44	Eggs doz
Oats	25a26	Turkeys lb
Buckwheat	38	Chickens lb
		6a7
		Geese each
Apples, dried, bu	622	Duck each
Pears, dried, bu	100	17a20
Peaches dried, lb,	12½	14a15
Plums, dried, lb	10a12½	Potatoes bu
Quinces, dried, lb	10a12½	44
		Turnips bu
		20
		Onions bu
		44
		Beans bu
Fine Fleece pearl	31	38a87½
Common	20a24	Peas
Pulled	20a28	50a75
Sheep skins each	44a88	SEEDS.
Lamb	30a60	Clover per bu
		\$4 00
SALT.		Timothy
Solar per bbl	\$1 75	2 00a2 50
Fine	81a88	Flax
Dairy per Sack	10a12c	87½a100c
Salt Barrels,	21	Hay per ton
		\$7a\$9
		WOOD,
		Hard per cord
		3 00
		Soft
		1 50
		WOOD,
		Hard per cord
		3 00
		Soft
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Newspapers.

NEW YORK CITY.—Old Countryman—Tribune—Island City—Scientific American—Golden Rule—Organ—True Sun—Spirit of the Times—Home Journal—Police Gazette—Taylor's Bank Reporter—Farmer and Mechanic—Literary World—New Yorker—Gazette of the Union—World we live in—New York Herald—Sunday Mercury, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam—Yankee—Flag of our Union—Pilot—Yankee Blade—Olive Branch—Star Spangled Banner—Boston Museum.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier—Neals Gazette—Dollar Newspaper—Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times—News—Punch—W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.